In this Issue

Vol. 148 April 4, 1928 No. 14

The World This Week :

A Gain Through Defeat . . . 525
Republican Senators Aid Smith . 525
Quick Changes in Nicaragua . 526
Slots 526
Harnessing Stupendous Forces . 526
Republicans on Party Corruption 526
Cartoons of the Week 527
The Fight Against Leprosy . . 528
One Dollar is Enough for Senator Reed 528
Disarmament 528
Harry F. Sinclair's Horses . . 528
Tennis Veterans Yield to Youth 529
Shall a Sixteen-Year-Old Girl Be Spanked? 529
The Boy Roosevelt Self-Revealed 529
Meat-Eaters Thrive 530
A Scientific View of Creation . 530
As Between Man and Wife . . 530
Training for American Opera Singers 530
Ibsen as Fashion Arbiter . . . 531
Actors' Actions 531
From Washington :
A Rift in the Oil Investigation 532
Robinson Arouses Smith . . 532
Couzens's Attack on Mellon . 532
Again the President Declines . 532
Slemp's Indorsement of Hoover 532
The Death of Senator Ferris . 533
Windows on the World 533
By Malcolm W. Davis

Editorial :

What You Think of Prohibition . 536

Articles :

A Response to the "Call for Mr. Hughes" 535
By Dixon Merritt
Dorothy Dix : Matrimony and Horse Sense 538
By Henry F. Pringle
What Is Right With Coal? . . 541
By John C. Haddock
In Defense of Suburbia . . . 543
By Ethel Longworth Swift
Lights Down : A Review of the Stage 545
Miniatures from the Life . . . 546
By Ibby Hall
Music and Musicians :
An Operetta by Puccini . . . 547
By Eugene Bonner
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 548
By W. R. Brooks
The Movies 549
By A. M. Sherwood, Jr.
Business and Finance :
Cables, Radio, and Congress . . 550
By Thomas H. Gammack
Tell Me a Story :
Conducted by Harriet Eager Davis
Two Tales from an Opera Star As remembered by Lawrence Tibbett . 552
Speaking of Books :
Edited by Frances Lamont Robbins
The Awkward Age in Reading . . 554
Frémont, Might-Have-Been, by Harry Salpeter 555
What Value Religion? by Edmund B. Chaffee 557
"The Jungle" 524
A painting by Henri Rousseau
From Publisher—To You . . 523

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EMERSON used to say that only as far as people are unsettled is there any hope for them. In knowledge of the world it is only those who have genuine spiritual perception, who live above the beauty of the symbol to the real beauty of the thing signified.

RECOGNITION of the wisdom of these observations is one reason why The Outlook is a journal of discussion and inquiry. Most of us are able to stand only just so much alteration in the scheme of things. Having once worked out our own formula for dealing with life, we resent new truths which threaten it. Yet, eternal change is the law of life and willingness to change with it the only possible mode of conduct.

EVERY now and then, for instance, we hear from some reader of The Outlook who fears that because we are not satisfied merely to hold to old symbols we have, therefore, ceased to seek the truth. Some of our subscribers have chided us, gently, for allowing a discussion of birth control in our columns. Yet we notice that the Junior League of New York has come out in favor of it, and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has indorsed it. It is a topic discussed everywhere. Can we arrive at the best manner to deal with it if we are not informed concerning it?

AGAIN, many readers have wondered why we publish articles on marriage when the ideas in some of them are opposed presumably to the belief of the majority, and younger people—it is averred—will read them. The answer to this is that the family table is the best place in the world for the discussion of the vital things which affect us and make for happiness or unhappiness in our lives. All too often it happens that such subjects never come up until they have been discussed and decided without parental assistance..

THE OUTLOOK believes in bringing such discussions into the home—where they belong. Furthermore, The Outlook believes in the purity inherent in the human heart. It believes in the genuine spirit of liberty in America.

ALL that is most precious to us, all our symbols, have been bequeathed to us through other men's courage. Today new situations call for new courage and the application of genuine truth in the search for new symbols.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries

"THE JUNGLE"

By Henri Rousseau

Henri Rousseau was a petty official in the French customs service at Paris—a typical "petit bourgeois" who painted in his spare time. His pictures created a profound sensation because of their extraordinary simplicity and naïveté; the artist was heralded as the only true "primitif" of our time.

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The Outlook

April 4, 1928

The World This Week

A Gain Through Defeat

GOVERNOR SMITH, of New York, has been fortunate in his opponents. In both State and Nation he has gained prestige through the very opposition which he has encountered. Not even his political friends have been able to give him the aid which he has freely received from his political enemies.

In the session of the State Legislature which has just ended three major recommendations of the Governor went down to defeat.

Of these, the one which he regarded as of the most importance was a measure to submit to the people a Constitutional amendment changing the term of the Governor from two years to four. A proposal of this sort was defeated by the people last fall and was strongly opposed by the Governor. But the proposal which the people defeated was one that provided that the Governor should be elected when the President is elected; and Governor Smith believed that that would tend to submerge State issues under National issues. What he urged the Legislature to do was to submit to the people a proposal that the Governor be elected for a four-year-term in years midway between Presidential elections.

The Republican organization of New York has opposed this proposal. The Governor has declared that it has not dared to submit the question to the people for their decision because it does not want State issues to be considered on their merits. The reply of the Governor's opponents, that the voters of New York proved their independence when they elected Governor Smith, a Democrat, at the same time with a Republican President, has not made a deep impression. The Republican organization has therefore been put into the position of playing politics with a proposal that is widely regarded as a natural part of the reorganization of the State government.

Included in this suggested amendment was the proposal to extend the legislators' terms—those of Senators from two to four years, and those of Assemblymen from one to two—and to make the sessions of the Legislature biennial instead of annual.

A second important proposal by the Governor, closely connected with the reorganization of the State, was to extend the principle of home rule to counties and villages, and to enlarge the powers of administrative officers to make regulations, so that the Legislature would be relieved of attention to local and minor measures and concentrate its attention upon matters affecting the interests of the State as a whole.

A third proposal, in some respects equally important with these two and of perhaps more National concern, was the Governor's recommendation of the creation of an "authority" to deal with water power. This, like the others, failed of enactment. The Legislature declined even to provide a special commission to examine the proposal and to make recommendations.

Although the Legislature at this session passed a number of useful measures, its record has appeared to be that of inaction in contrast to the forward-looking and constructive attitude of a Governor who has not hesitated, even at the end of his obviously last term, to take the position of leadership.

Republican Senators Aid Smith

IN the Nation as well as in the State Governor Smith has been aided by his political enemies.

In an attempt (referred to elsewhere in this issue) to link the name of Governor Smith with that of Harry F. Sinclair, United States Senator Robinson, of Indiana, quoted the adage, "Birds of a feather will flock together." Not since the Rev. Mr. Burchard used the phrase, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," has any political saying acted more promptly like a boomerang. At once Senator Harris referred to the "birds of a feather" that were flocking together in the penitentiary or under indictment in Indiana.

And when Senator Nye, Chairman of the Committee investigating the oil case, became involved in the controversy by referring to "information" he had concerning Sinclair's contributions and appointment as Racing Commissioner in New York State, Governor Smith saw his opportunity and took prompt advantage of it. His letter to Senator Nye, declaring that an examination of the records showed that Sinclair had made two contributions to Tammany, one in 1918 of $1,000, the other in 1926 of $250, but none to the Governor's campaign fund, and accusing Senators Nye and Robinson of "demagogic slander," has been generally accepted as conclusive. Senator Nye's disclaimer of any association with Senator Robinson's attack and his statement that by his letter Governor Smith had given "aid and comfort to every scoundrel whose infamy has been exposed, by seeking to undermine public confidence in the fairness and impartiality of the Committee

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in the midst of its investigation," have not removed the impression that from this encounter Governor Smith has emerged the victor.

Quick Changes in Nicaragua

FOR rapidity of reverses in political form consider Nicaragua—where the United States is obligated to supervise general elections this year.

First, two years ago, General Chamorro drove out the elected Government of President Solorzano by a military movement shortly after the last United States marines left the country, where they had kept order for twelve years.

The United States refused to recognize Chamorro as President. He resigned, and a rump Congress favorable to him put in office his friend Diaz, whom the United States did recognize.

But the Nicaraguan Liberals refused to acquiesce in the choice of Diaz, and the interposition of United States marines and the arguments of President Coolidge's envoy, Colonel Henry L. Stimson, finally effected a truce. General Moncada, of the Liberal forces that had opposed intervention, became the outspoken advocate of the control of new elections by marine officers—and the Liberal candidate for President.

General Chamorro meanwhile had been seeking the favor of the United States as a candidate, and failed to secure it. He offered to aid the marines in running down the renegade Liberal rebel Sandino, and was rebuffed. He then turned to a campaign to defeat the new election law in the Nicaraguan Congress, and succeeded.

Thereupon President Diaz, seeing his Legislature refuse to the United States the power of regulating the elections, issued an executive decree giving the necessary authority. Liberals of the Moncada faction, hearing the decree proclaimed by a soldier accompanied by a brass band, smiled and cheered.

It appears that President Diaz has offered within the past four weeks to sell a majority of the stock of the National Bank of Nicaragua to New York bankers, who declined because of unwillingness to act without approval of the State Department.

Uncle Sam will do well in Nicaragua if he can keep his friends straight.

Slots

ONE of the last inherent defects of the airplane, tail spin and nose dive, has apparently about given way, as recent press despatches from England indicate. The secret is slots. Though the slots take different forms in various planes, their principle is much the same: they cause the proper air currents to flow up and around the leading edge of the wing in order to counteract the tendency, called "burbling," which has previously caused the stall which precedes disaster.

On an airplane in flight the wing is tilted at a small angle, and it is this tilt which creates the upward force that keeps the plane aloft. Let the pilot tilt the wing too much—attempt to climb too fast—and the plane stalls, often falling into the dreaded tail spin. Just what happens at such times, in terms of aerodynamics, is a peculiar eddying of air

Courtesy of the "Scientific American"

The principle of the slot

around the wing, which annuls the usual lift due to smoothly flowing air currents.

The function of the new slots is to redirect this eddying air. As a result the plane directed too steeply upward slows down, but continues to maintain its normal position even though it does not climb any longer. It then settles gently towards the earth. Birds, when about to alight, do much the same thing.

Recently in England the well-known Captain De Haviland took aloft a "foolproof" plane of this type, stalled it at 200 feet elevation, and let it sink earthward. It maintained its level position as it settled earthward at about eight miles an hour, and struck only hard enough to damage the fuselage. The Captain smiled and stepped out unhurt.

Slots did it.

Harnessing Stupendous Forces

SOME extremely interesting preparations are now being made in the Italian Alps to wield a far more powerful force than man has yet controlled, and if the hoped-for breaking up of the atom is achieved thereby, what might follow is difficult to predict.

One expectation, logical at least, is the much-discussed but as yet unaccomplished transmutation of the elements. A new age is thought by many to be due when certain of these controls over the most closely protected secrets of nature have been reached. Three University of Berlin physicists—Drs. Brasch, Lange, and Urban—have installed on Monte Generoso, near Lake Lugano, in Italy, a great lofty antenna to gather the excessively high electric charges of that region—as high, it is thought, as 30,000,000 volts. Under such high electric pressures as this electrons can be made to move with truly stupendous velocities. It is the control of these flying electrons which science wants, for they will be used as projectiles to bombard the atoms of matter. If the central nuclei of these atoms can be struck with the nimble bullets, a transmutation should theoretically take place.

In the meantime artificial lightning of relatively high voltage is being experimented with by the Carnegie Institution of Washington; also by the General Electric Company, where 3,600,000 volt flashes have just been produced. The latter and more prosaic effort has as its object the study of high-voltage power transmission; but the more striking experiment on Monte Generoso will perhaps be watched with greater popular interest. If it succeeds this spring in breaking up the atom, it is possible that its ultimate effects will be more widespread than any one now dares to predict.

Republicans on Party Corruption

GRADUALLY Republicans in position to influence their party organizations are letting their protests be heard against the official party silence on the way the party funds have been handled. The Executive Committee of the New York Young Republican Club presented to the members of the club recently the following resolutions:

> WHEREAS, irrespective of the actual receipt or disbursement of any fund or funds, the obscure acts and obstructionist attitude of Mr. Will H. Hays, ex-Chairman of the Republican National Committee, deserved the severe and immediate condemnation and repudiation of all responsible Republicans; and,
>
> WHEREAS, under the circumstances, the acceptance of so large a sum from Mr. Harry F. Sinclair, as that which Mr. Hays has testified to receiving on behalf of the Republican Party, is at once contrary to the principles and the conscience of the party; therefore, *Be it resolved* that:
>
> The New York Young Republican Club condemns the conduct of Mr. Will H. Hays in his receipt and handling of the so-called Sinclair Fund and repudiates as unrepresentative of the responsible rank and file of the Republican Party his obstructionist attitude when subsequently questioned on the matter by the Senate Committee on Public Lands.
>
> The New York Young Republican Club urges upon the National Com-

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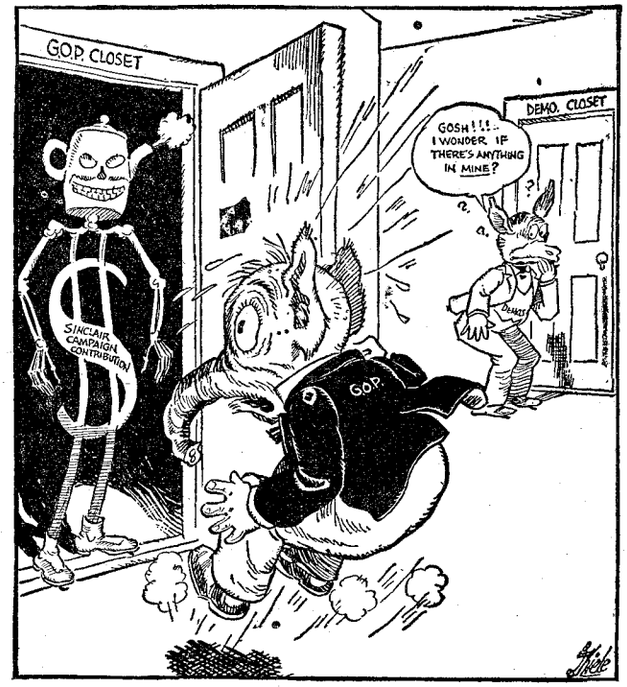
Cartoons of the Week

Kirby in the New York World

Another statue to be cleaned

From Jacob Dress, Providence, R. I,

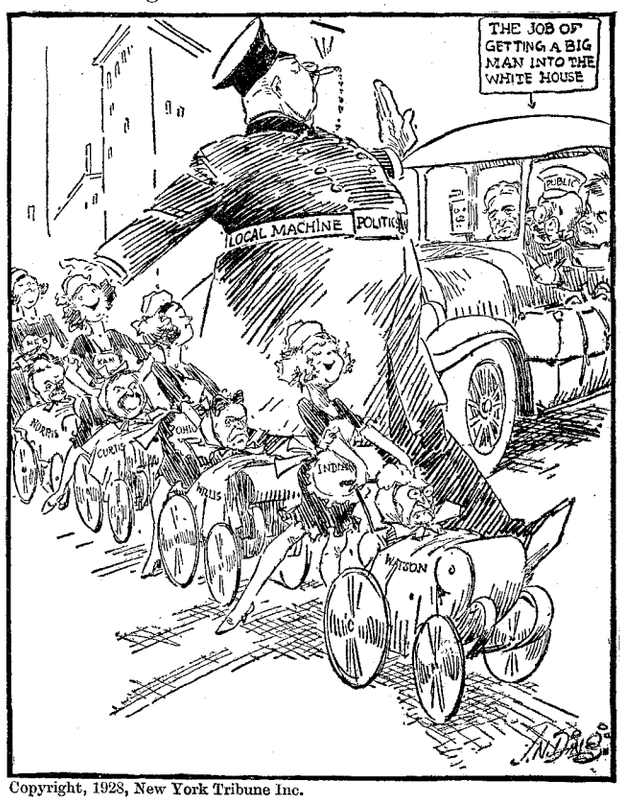
Thiele in the Paterson (New Jersey) Press-Guardian



The goblins'll getcha if you don't watch out

From L. P. Mason, Little Falls, N. J.

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune



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The favorite sons are out to get the air

From Celeste Weyl, New York, N. Y.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

A very moving picture

From G. L. Snyder, Coatesville, Pa.

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mittee of the Republican Party immediate and public condemnation and repudiation of the acts and attitude of Mr. Will H. Hays in connection with the Sinclair Fund.

These resolutions were tabled for discussion and a vote at a later meeting.

The President of the club declared, "The members of the New York Young Republican Club detest Republican grafters almost as much as we detest Democratic grafters." Why "almost"? President Roosevelt put the emphasis on the other side. "While I will do my best," said he, "to get hold of the thief of the opposite party, I will try, if possible, a little harder to get hold of the thief of my own party."

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, son of President Roosevelt, speaking at this meeting of the Young Republican Club, and before that at a meeting of the Progress Republican Club, gave warning of the dangers to our country of the use of colossal funds in political campaigns. He said that the acceptance of "an enormous contribution from a man who but shortly before had obtained oil leases from the Government" was, to use the gentlest term, "grossly improper." He made it clear that the great danger was not the illegal but "the legal use of money for improper purposes." He urged that there should be at once passed Nationally, first, a drastic corrupt practices act based on the English act; and, second, legislation providing for more effective publicity on National campaign funds and interelection contributions. He approved of Senator Borah's plan to return Sinclair's money.

The Fight Against Leprosy

We are glad to note that the Leonard Wood Memorial fund is rapidly growing. Major-General Harbord, who heads the committee to raise $2,000,000, has announced that half of New York's "quota" of $500,000 has been raised and elsewhere liberal contributions have been made. One is of $150,000 from Eversley Childs for a special treatment station for mild cases.

The Memorial is to take the form of an effort to eradicate leprosy in the Philippines, a humane work in which General Wood had the deepest interest. It is largely due to his efforts that today 6,000 patients are being treated at Culion, the greatest leper colony in the world. The plan for the future includes a definite and much-needed research program as well as extension of the treatment of patients.

The Memorial is to be exactly what one of the speakers in the "drive" described it to be—a mark of respect to a great soldier, a scientific contribution to mankind, and an alleviation of human suffering. General Wood himself called leprosy the one remaining black terror of the race; he fought it with all his might, and his effort will by this fund be continued and extended.

One Dollar Is Enough for Senator Reed

In a year when campaign contributions will be the object of unusual scrutiny, it is good politics, if not the part of wisdom, to place a rather strict limit on amounts given in support of any candidate. Home-town backers of Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, have hit upon the not unheard of method of asking subscriptions of only one dollar each in the move to make this Democratic leader the nominee of his party. It is not exactly bad politics either that the Reed enthusiasts at Kansas City who have launched this idea of one dollar only should be men who were unfriendly to the Senator in the years when he was at frequent tilts with President Wilson.

Whether this campaign effort can be made any more successful than others of a similar kind have been, it is an appropriate gesture in behalf of the man who has been the chief figure in investigation of the Smith and Vare funds in Illinois and Pennsylvania, respectively. The Missouri Senator is said to have given his followers to understand, definitely and finally, that no big gifts are to be accepted or even countenanced in support of his candidacy. He knows—none better—what political thunder could be made of that. One dollar down, and no installments, will be showing enough for the gentleman from Missouri.

Disarmament

Disarmament will continue for at least another year to be a good topic for debating societies. The Preparatory Commission of the Disarmament Conference to be held under the auspices of the League of Nations has ended another session at Geneva without any conclusive result.

The life of the gathering was furnished by Maxim Litvinov, of Russia, and Lord Cushendun, of Great Britain. Litvinov put forward the Soviet proposal for complete disarmament, under control of an international commission representing the "legislative, administrative, and working classes." The German and Turkish delegates backed him.

Lord Cushendun—white-haired and standing six feet six inches—then attacked like a British man-of-war. He challenged the Russians to show that their scheme was a practicable one adapted to realistic examination. He challenged the good faith of the Soviet Government, after refusing for seven years to co-operate with the League, in bringing forward a general scheme omitting mention of the League. He asked whether the Russian Communist Party had given up the aim of international revolution and whether the disarmament plan was a step toward that goal. And he pointed out that it would favor the nations that could best improvise fighting forces. Ambassador Gibson, the American delegate, also attacked the Soviet proposals.

Litvinov replied in a speech referring to the refusal of the United States to join the League, attacking British policy in China as an example of meddling in other countries, and asserting that Soviet Russia has never attacked her neighbors.

And with a proposal by Great Britain to reduce the size of capital ships and the caliber of naval guns, the conference adjourned.

Harry F. Sinclair's Horses

The Jockey Club, which controls turf activities in New York State, has declined to follow the example of the Maryland Racing Commission in barring the horses of Harry F. Sinclair. The stewards of the club did not explain their decision, but are said to have held that there is no relation between racing and the oil scandals.

The Maryland Racing Commission, a political body, based its ruling on "the widespread adverse criticism that has resulted from pending court proceedings and the investigation of the United States Senate Committee." Racing, which has had its own scandals from time to time, apparently needed protection from such persons as Mr. Sinclair. Nothing was said, of course, regarding his conduct as a turfman. Apparently, it has been exemplary.

Somewhat surprisingly, in view of the awakening indignation regarding Teapot Dome, the action of the Maryland Racing Commission did not prove popular. The chief objection was that, being a political body, the barring of Sinclair was certain to be considered a political move. It was added that the connection between oil and horses was remote, to say the least, and that Sinclair had not yet been found guilty in the courts.

The various bodies which control racing in the several States make it a prac-

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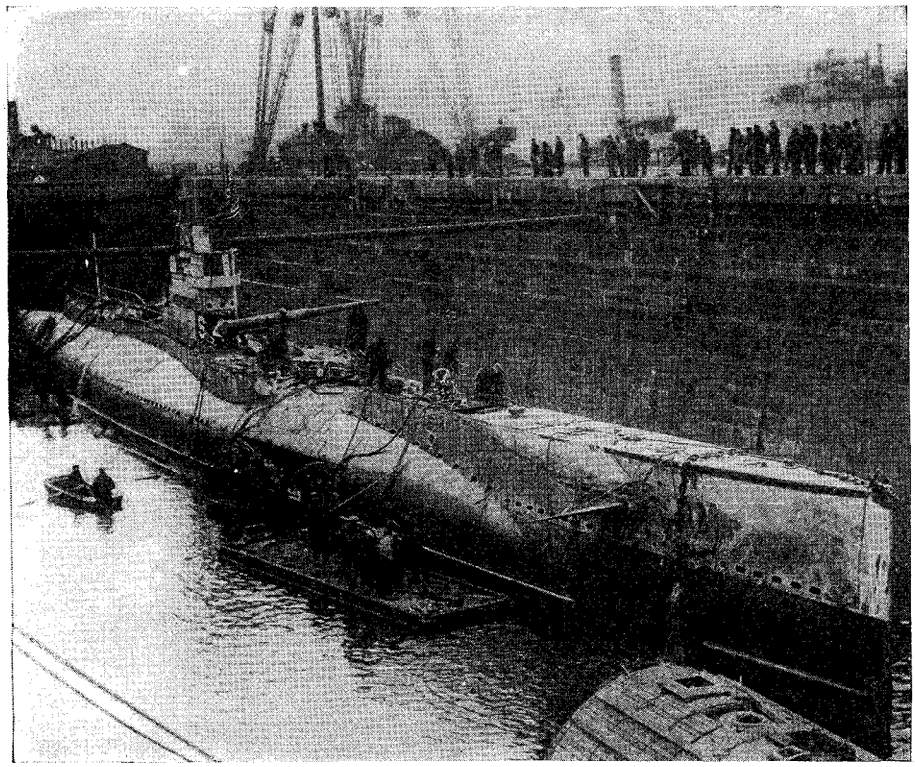

Wide World

"HOME IS THE SAILOR, HOME FROM THE SEA"

The S–4 in dry dock at the Charlestown Navy Yard, with the hole in her side brought into view for the first time

tice to notify one another of actions of this sort. So the Jockey Club had to decide whether it would also rule against Sinclair. Its refusal to do so seems, on the whole, to meet with approval. Since it is a private body, it is in a better position to discipline Sinclair than the Maryland Commission. The time for this will come in the event that Sinclair is convicted.

Tennis Veterans Yield to Youth

We are, it would seem, never able to get along far in our lawn tennis without the presence of a child prodigy. Vincent Richards for long filled the bill as the boy wonder, only to turn professional and leave us for the past year without an official prodigy. The naming of the Davis Cup team for the first matches of the series we will have to play if we win back the cup has given us another sixteen-year-old star.

Junior Coen, of Kansas City, is the spare member of the team to play Mexico. Despite his age, he played as good tennis as any of the candidates gathering at the testing ground in Augusta; and it was certainly his age alone that prevented his being named as a regular player of the team.

Aside from this occurrence, the team selection resulted more than ever in bringing home to the followers of the game how completely the old guard has been supplanted in the sport. Tilden himself is the only member of the team who has been an internationalist in our tennis combats of the past. John Hennessey, Arnold W. Jones, and Wilmer Allison are three of the younger players of the game, the eldest of them, Hennessey, being twenty-six years old.

For the first time since the cup was last won by this country, and held for so many years, the name of William M. Johnston is missing from the team. Little Bill is through as an internationalist.

And Tilden, judging by his defeat at the hand of Hennessey and his tight squeaks with other players at Augusta, is not far from the point where he, too, will start down into oblivion.

Shall a Sixteen-Year-Old Girl Be Spanked?

Echoes of a case in which a mother of Kansas City, Kansas, was fined $100 in police court for whipping her daughter have been heard from various parts of the United States and Canada. The mother and the daughter (by a former marriage) have received hundreds of letters, both of condemnation and of sympathy. The case was brought to public attention and the court when the daughter, sixteen years old and in high school, complained to her teacher of the parental punishment. The mother, it was alleged, used a coat-hanger and was unusually severe. The punishment was provoked by action of the daughter in using the family motor car all day and then giving, the mother said, an unsatisfactory account of her movements.

In editorials, in letters to newspapers, in sermons, and in private discussion it has been asked, on the one hand, if things have come to such a pass that a parent may not punish a willful child; on the other, if corporal punishment is at all necessary in dealing with a child, especially a girl of high school age. Police Judge Fred R. White said his decision, which was based on the severity of the punishment as represented in court, was certain to be misinterpreted. He added:

"No mother must believe that my decision will prohibit her from punishing her children. No child must interpret it to mean a parent can be willfully disobeyed."

Does that leave the issue clear? Is there an implied argument here for more kindness, companionship, and mutual confidence in the relations of the modern parent and child?

The Boy Roosevelt Self-Revealed

In the journal which he kept when he was ten years old can be traced lineaments of character that made Theodore Roosevelt the world figure that he later became. In it also can be seen the portrait, self-drawn surely but naïvely, of what we like to think as a typical American boy, who accepts what older people call horrors as a part of the interesting experiences of life, who is tender-hearted about animals, who regards Europe as quite as wonderful but no more wonderful than any other part of the world with which he is getting acquainted, and who loves his home. Selections from this journal are published in the current issue of the new magazine "Personality." Here are some characteristic entries in his journal of his trip abroad:

May 27, 1869, Liverpool.

We went to our couns school at Waterloo. We had a nice time but met Jeff Davises son and some sharp words ensued.

July 17th 1869

. . . We went to Amsterdam in the cars and Papa told us such a nice story about a man who drowned his wife because his wife said his pants was cut with a scisor while he in sisted it was cut with a knife.

Ouchey August 3d 1869

We went to the castle of Chilon by steam and row boat. We saw the gloomey dungeons where the prisoners of yore were kept. We saw Lord

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Byrons name. The place where the prisoners were kept the night before they were hung. The place where hung. . . .

Sept. 15

Let the aniverserry of the morning of the day as one of the greatest humiliations and losses of my life. I lost my watch to day. . . .

1869 Dec. 7th Niece.

We saw a brutal conveyance of lambs. They were tied by their legs and swung across a donkeys back. We saw also a young vilain who swung a poor animal round. . . .

Jan 4th 1879 Naples.

I went out and was given by Papa what in my wildest dreams I had never thought to have a Roman vase and coin! Just think of it!!!

May 25 1870

This morning we saw land of America and swiftly coming on passed Sandey hook and went in to the bay. New York!!! Hip! Hurrah!

Meat-Eaters Thrive

A TEST of considerable scientific interest has been completed at Bellevue Hospital, under the direction of Dr. Eugene F. Du Bois, of the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology. For twenty-three days Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer, lived entirely on meat and water; his companion, Karsten Andersen, carried on for fifty-nine days.

Each is reported to be in excellent condition; in fact, Mr. Stefansson declared that he really felt more energetic on a strictly carnivorous diet. He lost about ten pounds, but he said that he was that much overweight when he began the test. His companion lost four pounds at the outset, but finished weighing more than when he entered the hospital. Their endurance was tested at intervals by a two-and-a-half-mile run in Central Park.

Their diet, Dr. Du Bois said, consisted of the best cuts of beef, beef tongue, liver, brains, and marrow. One of the things the test determined, in this instance at least, was that the men required a greater proportion of fat, by calories, than of lean meat. Mr. Stefansson undertook to live on lean meat exclusively for a week, but quit after three days, with severe head pains. The average daily diet was about 500 calories of protein (flesh) and 2,000 calories of fat.

"At present no conclusions can be drawn regarding the advantages or disadvantages of a meat diet," Dr. Du Bois explained.

"All we can say is that these two men during the last few weeks have been getting along on a meat diet just as well as they did when they were in the Arctic." He cautioned against indiscriminate meat diets. There is no proof yet, he said, that it could be done at random without ill effects.

A Scientific View of Creation

WHETHER the living universe is eternal or whether it is gradually running down toward another kind of eternity—one of meaningless, lightless, frigid gloom—is a fascinating philosophical question involved in the most recent announcement of the famous physicist Millikan. He has found definite evidence that the previously mysterious "cosmic ray" which constantly reaches the earth from the depths of stellar space is generated when positive and negative electrons unite to form chemical elements such as hydrogen and helium. This ray is often spoken of as a higher kind of X-ray because it will penetrate over sixteen feet of solid lead; it is of a piece with X-rays, but vibrates at far higher rates.

Now it has already been pretty definitely established that the Einstein concept of matter changing into energy is correct. Thus it is known that the energy of the sun and stars is derived in that manner rather than by combustion or by the mere cooling of these hot masses. So here we have a most fascinating speculation. On the one hand, we find cosmic rays reaching our world from beyond even the immense confines of the Milky Way, possibly from the highly heated interiors of stars or nebulæ in other universes, and generated as the result of the creation of matter. And, on the other hand, we have matter transformed into energy—"de-created," as it were. Between these two circumstances there is a natural temptation to search for some equivalence, some as yet unknown explanation which will resolve them into a definite continuing cycle of cosmic creation and devolution.

Such an idea has long been the hypothesis of the brilliant cosmologist Professor W. D. MacMillan, of the University of Chicago, who speaks of the "organization and dissipation of matter through the agency of radiant energy."

So far as they go, his experiments with the cosmic rays, says Dr. Millikan, "are at least indications, and the first indications, that all about us, either in the stars, the nebulæ, or in the depths of space, the creative process is going on, and that the cosmic rays which have been studied for the last few years constitute the announcements broadcast through the heavens of the birth of the ordinary elements out of positive and negative electrons."

If this conclusion is confirmed, "it will constitute," according to this statement, "new proof that this is a changing, dynamic, and continuously evolving world instead of a static or a merely disintegrating one."

As Between Man and Wife

THE law rightly respects confidential communications between husband and wife, lawyer and client, priest and penitent, doctor and patient. In the long run the result is good for society, even if in some cases it may stand in the way of justice.

A peculiar instance of this kind of sanctity has just occurred. A woman in Georgia killed her husband. A jury convicted her. But the State Supreme Court granted her a new trial because it judged that the jury was influenced by letters written to the husband by the wife, found in his safe-deposit box, and introduced as evidence by the prosecutor. Even if the letters threatened murder, they were a privileged communication.

Sanctity of marital confidence could hardly go further. But the decision is in accordance with the stand generally taken by American and English courts and maintained on the same ground as is the criminal-law principle that it is better that some guilty persons should go free than that any innocent person should be punished because of loose admission of evidence.

Training for American Opera Singers

THE road traveled by aspirants to operatic fame has never been easy at any time, but in these days of ruthless competition and the prevalent and apparently overpowering desire of a large portion of the human race to shine forth publicly in some manner or other, that particular path has become thornier than ever before.

The announcement last week by Mr. John T. Adams, President of the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau of New York, that final contracts have been signed with twenty-six European opera houses for post-graduate courses for young American opera singers at one-half the cost formerly paid for such training is of more than usual interest. It certainly seems to offer a chance for our young singers to get a year's routine training at some foreign opera house of the second order without those singers having to become involved in the intrigues and

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Acme

CONGRESS REACHED AN ALARMING SIZE

When Colonel Lindbergh's offer to take Congressmen and their families on an airplane ride from Bolling Field caused numerous schemers to impersonate our legislators

disappointments generally in store for such aspirants, to say nothing of the dangers of being exploited by unscrupulous teachers and agents which flourish in droves in the shadow of any opera house, great or small.

A committee of artists has been formed by Reinald Werrenrath who will judge auditions of all applicants for European training, and only the singers passing this board will be permitted to go abroad under the Adams plan. This board, of which Mr. Werrenrath is chairman, includes Mme. Louise Homer, Mme. Alma Gluck, Mme. Olga Samaroff, Miss Mabel Garrison, Albert Spalding, Toscha Seidel, and several others.

"The International Operatic Training Association," as it is to be called for the present, will send abroad approximately one hundred students each year. Each will spend a year at the opera house to which he (or she) is allotted, there receiving instruction in language, routine, repertoire, and a certain number of appearances guaranteed.

The scheme calls for gross payments approaching $750,000 annually by the hundred students in 26 opera houses. The Royal Theatres in Antwerp and Liége have been signed, also those in Bordeaux, Marseilles, Cannes, Lyons, Trieste, Bologna, Florence, Palma, and Genoa. Mr. Otto Kahn, George F. Eastman, and other wealthy music lovers are reported to be interested financially in the scheme.

While it does seem a little odd to us over here to read of people paying for the privilege of appearing in foreign opera houses, such a custom, while not officially countenanced, not only exists but flourishes. Such being the case, does it not seem better that young singers judged worthy by the board of being sent abroad for training, for that is what it is, should be allowed to have their appearances without the terrific difficulties that now beset our young singers in Europe, no matter how straightforward or talented they may be?

On the other hand, if the huge sum of nearly a million dollars is to be spent each year to help our singers, why should it not be devoted to founding two or three opera houses in the larger cities of this country where these singers could have their training, and thereby open a field for the American composer in the operatic field as well?

We are too much under the foreign domination in matters operatic as it is. Does not Mr. Adams's scheme tend to tighten that yoke?

Ibsen as Fashion Arbiter

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has been talking again, this time about Ibsen and his effect on women in the days before "you just knew she wore them." A special despatch to the New York "Times" quotes him as saying at an Ibsen centenary occasion:

"I have my dreams of the past, and when I think of the women I have loved I see nothing like the present-day young person with legs, but a woman with a long skirt and ample bodice. But, you know, the real animal was there all the time. It was Ibsen who broke the spell. He smashed the stage woman, with the result that the next generation of women came up real. They came up almost exactly like men. Some of you would like to go back to the pre-Ibsen woman. I am too busy to indulge in such preferences. But I only want to impress upon you that she may take you at your word.

"The Victorian woman was a humbug—a wonderful person, indeed, but a sham one acting a part. And when Ibsen came along she went to her dressing-room and took off her make-up."

Actors' Actions

SOME weeks ago an American actress, Alden Gay, was denied the right to appear in a London performance. Authority for this action came from the British Minister of Labor, the reason being that she was an immigrant seeking work. Immigrants in England are not allowed to take jobs that native labor can fill, though this does not apply to foreign artists who are paid more than $100 a week.

The American Actors Equity Association has now replied in kind, and, since if you are not in Equity you cannot get on the American stage, there is no doubt of the effectiveness of the new regulations.

Complete companies of alien actors who come, play, and leave as units are not affected; neither are alien actors who "shall have played 100 weeks in this country between January 1, 1923, and January 1, 1928." Further, an alien actor may enter the country for a particular part in a specified play and remain for the duration of the run. But when the show closes—though it may "flop" the first night—he must either leave the country or remain inactive here for six months. Such treatment of visiting artists is to be the custom in the future, whether or not they enter under the quota.

Alien actors who have entered under the quota and are now in this country are to be considered resident actors. But those not here under the quota "and who on November 1, 1928, have not been here two years, shall be suspended by Equity until they re-enter under these conditions." The same ruling applies to actors who have overstayed their permits.

This action was taken at a meeting of 800 members, and, despite word from John Emerson, President of Equity and now in London, that the situation over there "was absurdly exaggerated." It is frankly retaliatory, and if additional

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evidence of a vengeful spirit is needed it is said that many Equity actors demanded restrictions harsher than those that were finally adopted.

It is in direct contradiction of the belief that art is international; it is, in fact, as much an act of censorship as any of the proposals that bring wails of protest from the stage. It will undoubtedly please that type of American actor who is never engaged to play a gentleman's part when an English actor is available.

From Washington

A Rift in the Oil Investigation

IN the oil investigation there is no longer, if there ever was, complete harmony between Senator Gerald P. Nye, of North Dakota, Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys, and Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, the real head of the investigation which has been conducted in the name of that Committee.

Senator Nye, after taking a sub-committee to Chicago to look into certain phases of the investigation, made some announcements, including reference to a "mystery" witness who was to reveal a "real sensation" and to a proposed effort to ascertain whether or not any of the Continental Trading Company bonds found their way into the estate of President Harding. He made statements also apparently designed to implicate Governor Smith, of New York, in political dealings with Harry F. Sinclair. This latter was after Senator Robinson, of Indiana, had charged that Sinclair contributed to Governor Smith's campaign fund before he was appointed by Governor Smith a member of the New York State Racing Commission.

Senator Walsh took occasion to characterize as peculiarly unfortunate the "publicity" of what the Committee intended to do, or, as he said, of what certain individual members conceived that intention to be. Of the demand that Governor Smith be called as a witness—this demand was made, not by Nye, but by Robinson—Senator Walsh said:

"I find it difficult to conceive that the suggestion that Governor Smith be called was made in the honest belief that the Committee ought to or would do anything of the kind. The Committee would forfeit whatever measure of respect it has earned . . . if it could be prevailed upon to go outside of the field prescribed for it by the resolution under which it has acted and would deserve universal contempt if it did so to promote or impair the political prospects of any individual or party." Governor Smith would not be called, he said, because the Committee had no reason to believe that he could throw any light upon the matters which the Committee was directed to investigate—"generally the leasing of the Naval Oil Reserves and specifically the disposition made of the bonds of the Continental Trading Company."

Since these things occurred there has been in the Committee room something of an atmosphere of smoldering antagonism. Whether or not Senator Nye has undertaken to assume real leadership in the investigation is not yet apparent. If so, it is to be regarded as a personal contest between Nye and Walsh rather than an effort to bring the leadership within the Republican ranks. Nye is not enough the regular Republican to assume party leadership.

Robinson Arouses Smith

ROBINSON, of Indiana, on the other hand, is a regular Republican, and has said that his peppery attack on Governor Smith was made because the time had come for somebody to speak for the Republican Party. It should be noted that no other Republican has recognized Robinson as a party spokesman.

Senator Robinson's demand that Governor Smith be summoned as a witness in the oil investigation was based on the charge that Sinclair had contributed to one or more of Governor Smith's campaigns and that he was appointed by Governor Smith a member of the Racing Commission. Sinclair did serve on the Racing Commission by appointment of Governor Smith, but it is denied that he gave money to aid the Governor politically or otherwise. In a vigorous and somewhat heated letter to Senator Nye Governor Smith refuted the charge.

Nye replied with equal vigor and heat to Governor Smith's letter, and Robinson has since been extremely vocal on the floor of the Senate. He has made three occasions to revert to his charges against Governor Smith. He has received no support from his Republican colleagues, but has been mercilessly heckled by the Democrats. Even the Democratic Senators most strongly opposed to Governor Smith's nomination for President have resented Senator Robinson's attack.

Senator Robinson is up for re-election this year. He will have to face, perhaps, more charges of party corruption than any other Republican candidate in the United States. Indiana conditions are particularly notorious. He may have been impelled to his attack upon Governor Smith purely by zeal for the Republican Party, but those acquainted with the practicalities of politics may suspect a desire to start even a small back-fire against the man who is likely to head the Democratic National ticket.

Couzens's Attack on Mellon

THE other by-product of the week from the oil investigation was a resolution, introduced by Senator Couzens, of Michigan, demanding the resignation of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. The demand was based on the fact that Secretary Mellon knew of the Sinclair contribution toward wiping out the Republican deficit but did not reveal his knowledge.

There was brief debate, participated in only by Couzens, Moses, and Reed of Pennsylvania. The resolution was shelved by being placed on the calendar, where it may never be reached. There is no apparent interest on the part of anybody except Senator Couzens to force action.

And Senator Couzens is in a peculiarly unfortunate position for playing such a rôle. He has been, for the better part of seven years, in a personal fight with the Secretary of the Treasury. The fight grew out of Treasury action against Senator Couzens concerning his income-tax returns.

Again the President Declines

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has again chosen not to run for President in 1928. Petitioned to permit his name to go on the primary ballot in Wyoming, he had his Secretary write a letter saying that the President "must decline to grant the request."

"Do not choose to run."

"My wishes will be respected."

"Must decline."

These are the three phrases in which, on three occasions, President Coolidge has made the fact clear that he does not want the nomination. But it is safe to predict that a week will not elapse before a new effort is made to have him contradict himself.

Slemp's Indorsement of Hoover

C. BASCOM SLEMP has declared for Hoover for the Republican nomination. The effect has been considerable, at least on opinion. Even seasoned journalistic observers have been inclined to believe since Mr. Slemp's announcement that "it's all over but the shouting." This

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Underwood & Underwood

THE CAMELS ARE COMING

The Camel Corps in the Egyptian army. The riders are all Britishers

belief is based mainly on Mr. Slemp's reputation for picking—or making—winners.

In a count of delegates Mr. Slemp's action means nothing. He, the Virginia delegation, and other delegations which he may influence have all along been counted in the Hoover column. They are necessary to make up the 400 which for some time have been practically conceded to Hoover. Hoover headquarters claims 476, including 20 from Ohio, 30 from New York, 20 from Massachusetts, and 16 from West Virginia, which other prognosticators are not ready to concede. The number necessary for nomination is 545.

The Death of Senator Ferris

SENATOR WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS, Democrat, of Michigan, is dead in harness at the age of seventy-five. He was seventy when he came to the Senate, the "grand old man" not merely of Michigan Democrats but of Michigan. Three times he had been able to overturn a normal Republican majority of close to half a million. He was twice elected Governor, once United States Senator.

Those elections were, in a sense, political victories, but they were essentially expressions of faith in a great old schoolmaster, 20,000 of whose "boys" were scattered among the electorate. In the Senate Professor Ferris was not as active as he would have been had he come to Washington earlier, but the influence of his character was felt entirely aside from his advocacy of or opposition to specific legislation.

The death of Senator Ferris will probably bring to the Senate the venerable Joseph W. Fordney, who retired from the House three years ago after a long and distinguished career. The Governor's appointee will serve only until the election of a Senator in November. Mr. Fordney, it is understood, does not want to return to Washington for a long period and would not be a candidate for election.

With the coming of the new Senator from Michigan, the Republicans will have a clear majority for the first time in this Congress. Senator Ferris was the second Democratic loss since the beginning of the session, Senator Jones, of New Mexico, being the first.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

OIL—the right to secure it and to sell it—is again proving itself one of the main causes of international friction.

Against the opposition of American and British oil companies, France has just put through a new oil import control law. One of its main purposes—as speakers in the French Parliament repeatedly declared—is to "liberate France from economic dependence on England and the United States." It favors French oil companies in order to encourage the development of independent oil refining in France. The legislators have sought this object by establishing a commission to regulate the importation of petroleum products and according tariff benefits in favor of crude oils to be refined in France.

Probably the measure will not affect American and British companies seriously for some time—since the present French refineries are not adequate for the needs of the country—but it is a move to make France self-sufficient, which is likely to hamper foreign companies in the future.

Spain has established an oil monopoly authorized to take over the properties of foreigners in return for gradual compensation; and in her case France is joining with Great Britain and the United States in protests against this plan for deferred payments.

Over Russian oil the dominant Anglo-Dutch and American groups are at odds. The Royal Dutch-Shell interests, it will be recalled, have protested against purchase of oil by the Standard Oil Company of New York from the Soviet Government, to sell in India and the Near East. They claim that it comes from their former properties confiscated by the Bolsheviks. The American corporation has refused to yield to their contention, and the result has been the beginning of price-cutting competition, particularly in Asiatic markets.

In Colombia various oil companies of the United States are contesting a new emergency law that requires foreign owners of petroleum concessions to secure confirmation of their titles. The issue is similar to the dispute that the United States has had with Mexico over the validity of rights acquired in the past. Until it is settled, it may lead—as in Mexico—to curtailment of oil production in Colombia, which has been on

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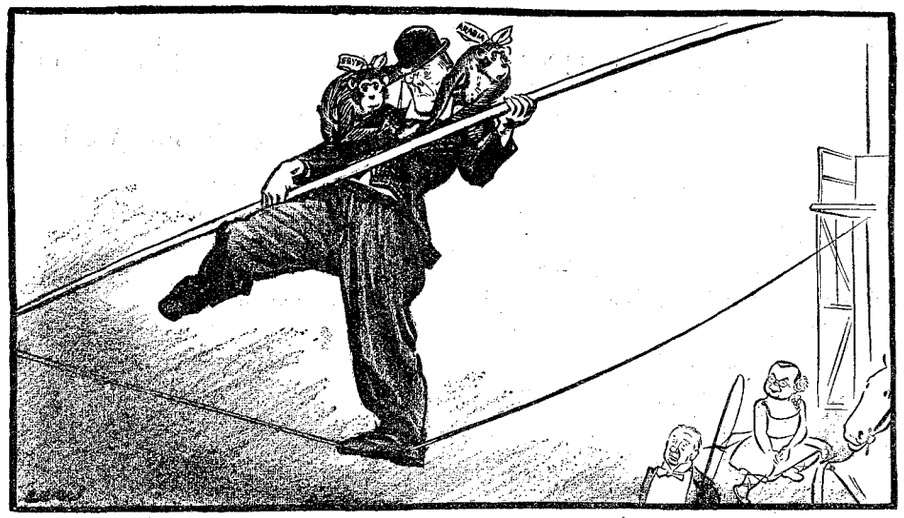
the increase. In Mexico the slump in output has been so great that the Government, deprived of its former revenues from taxes on oil exports, is embarrassed in making payment on its debts.

In Venezuela Anglo-Dutch and American interests are competing for petroleum resources, and have boomed the exploitation of oil fields there. And there are indications that the next field of activity will be in the Far East.

In view of these complicated rivalries, Professor Herbert Feis, of the University of Cincinnati, suggested at a recent meeting of the Foreign Policy Association in New York a system of international treaties for the development and distribution of the world's oil supplies. But the proposal seems too logical and reasonable for adoption.

From the Evening Standard, London



Charlie Chamberlain in "The Circus"

MONEY TO SPARE, said Jean Monnet, French banker, in New York recently, will make France a lending nation placing investments in many parts of the world following the stabilization of the national currency. He asserted that France has not only enough resources to provide for stabilization but also a surplus which would have to find outlet in international markets. Interesting news to Americans, who have been hearing that France could not possibly find a way to pay her war debts.

AMIR AMANULLAH of Afghanistan has reached Great Britain. And with this phase his European tour enters on its more critical period. Heretofore it has been an affair of receptions, banquets, and exchanges of decorations in Italy, France, and Germany. But Afghanistan occupies a key position in central Asia between "Soviet" Turkestan and British India. And both Great Britain and Soviet Russia are intensely interested in seeing and—if possible—coming to an understanding with this strategically situated despot.

British skirmishes with the Afghans have occurred since the World War in 1919 and in 1922–4. In 1926 Afghanistan signed a neutrality and non-aggression treaty with Soviet Russia. In the last few weeks the two countries have made an agreement for an air service between Kabul, the Afghan capital, and Tashkent, in Turkestan—a fact which disturbs Great Britain, since her plan for a British-Indian air line is blocked by disagreements in Near Eastern countries over which it would be necessary to fly.

Great Britain has treated the Amir to a naval and air display, a greeting by the royal family in Buckingham Palace, a London fog, a demonstration of destruction by modern ravine-scaling tanks, and an honorary degree from Oxford University. Rumor has it that he is going home by way of Moscow—and London is wondering what arguments for political favor the Soviet stronghold harbors.

THE PRINCE OF WALES flew over the head of his horse in a cross-country race recently when the bridle reins broke in his hands. He turned a somersault in the air and landed unhurt on his feet. Practice is making the Prince perfect.

GOLD to the value of over $5,000,000 came some weeks ago to New York from Soviet Russia. Consigned to two New York banks, it lies idle in their vaults. Intended to serve as the basis of commercial credits, it represents instead a loss of interest approximating $1,000 a day. But neither Soviet agents nor the banks have been able to find a way to avoid it.

Contrary to revolutionary ideas, other countries have held that there was doubt as to the legal ownership of gold seized by the Bolsheviks. The Treasury Department at Washington refused to have the gold accepted for purchase at the New York Assay Office, in view of the embargo placed in 1920 against gold importations from Soviet Russia. The Department of Justice advised that only a guaranty of title to the gold by the New York banks could establish a basis of acceptance. This the banks—acting only as agents and trustees—said that they could not give.

Then France entered a claim to the gold, on the ground that it actually belonged to the Bank of France, which held it during the war in the Russian State Bank, and that the Bolsheviks stole it. This raised the question whether the Soviet State Bank can appear as a litigant in a Federal court of the United States. Past rulings have been that the Soviet Government, so long as it is not recognized by the United States, can neither sue nor be sued in Federal courts. In any event, settlement of the case is likely to take at least a year—which means a loss of over $300,000 in interest to the Soviet Government, and perhaps of the principal.

Setting up in business on the proceeds of what other people regard as burglary is always a delicate undertaking.

AIR POWER in the Far East is to reinforce British sea power. Some six years ago Great Britain caused a stir around the world by the announcement of her plan to develop a first-class naval base at Singapore, on the Malay Peninsula. Since then that naval station has become one of the main bulwarks of the British Empire in the Orient and a vital point of connection with Australia and New Zealand. Its establishment has affected the whole problem of naval strategy and the relations of the Powers in the Far East and the Pacific.

Now coolies are clearing a great tract of jungle near Singapore to make a landing-field for a huge airport. The new base will provide for both land and sea planes. And soon any one counting up the strategic aviation bases of the earth will have to put Singapore well up on the list. It has become an essential unit in the scheme of British security.

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A Response to the "Call for Mr. Hughes"

A Personal Letter from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

THE measure of man's memory is seven days.

That is not the wisdom of Solomon. It is the unwisdom, as I think, of a prominent organization Republican. It was uttered in connection with the squall—or steady gale, as the future may prove—blowing out of Will H. Hays's juggling of the Sinclair contribution toward wiping out the Republican deficit of 1920.

Wisdom or unwisdom, it seems to express the substance of the belief of organization Republicans. The most distressing feature of the situation is not that corruption has been uncovered but that Republican Party leaders appear to be utterly indifferent to it. They are confidently relying on the public to forget, possibly before June, certainly before November.

Another prominent leader is said to have wired to his representative in a convention back home in the West, "Denounce corruption, but keep still on anything definite."

Two New York State Republican leaders recently in Washington did not hesitate to say that to do anything about the Hays-Sinclair matter would be to act foolishly.

One of the very highest Republican officials in Washington is reliably quoted as saying, when some one suggested that Hays's conduct would bar him from future party honors, "Well, I don't see why it should."

No organization Republican has said anything publicly or semi-publicly in condemnation of any of the scandalous revelations. Three organization Senators are quoted as having said in personal conversation that it seemed to them something must be done. Two of them are candidates for the Presidential nomination—Curtis and Watson. The third, Reed, of Pennsylvania, is commonly regarded as the spokesman of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. This is as near an approach as has been made in Washington to an official utterance proposing to take cognizance of anything that has been brought to light in connection with Republican Party financing. And no one of these three is credited with having suggested any definite course of action.

The situation throughout the country appears to be substantially the same that it is in Washington. A New York newspaper sent out to the one hundred or so Republican National Committeemen and Committeewomen a query regarding the Sinclair contribution. Six replies were received. One favored returning the money to Sinclair.

It may be that not all of this weight of silence is due to indifference. There are doubtless many who would try to do something if they knew anything to do. But it is not easy to hit upon anything. The only definite proposal that has been made in Washington is Senator Borah's, that Sinclair's contribution be returned to him. The organization has shown no disposition to do anything about that, and those willing to discuss it are not ready to admit that it would accomplish anything worth while if it were done. The money was used, and to return it now would not be to undo the use that was made of it. That, at least, is the view of most Republicans who will consent to speak at all. But none of them will consent to be quoted.

The Outlook's suggestion that Charles Evans Hughes be called upon to make an inquisition into methods of Republican financing does not meet with the full favor of any of those with whom I have had an opportunity to talk. Some say that it would be unfair to Mr. Hughes to ask him to investigate a situation that began when he was the titular head of the party as the latest nominee for President and was largely consummated when he was a member of the Cabinet—that if there is to be an investigation it should be made by some one who would be in position to speak of Mr. Hughes as of other Republican officials. These are entirely willing to trust Mr. Hughes as an investigator, but think that fairness to himself would not permit him to undertake the task. Others say that Mr. Hughes should have known something of the situation when he was still in office, that the oil leases were discussed in at least two meetings of the Cabinet, that Mr. Hughes was particularly familiar with the general oil situation inasmuch as he had been at two periods an attorney for the Standard Oil Company and was at that time negotiating with Persia and other countries concerning oil, and that he could have been peculiarly helpful at that time. They believe that the time for investigation by Mr. Hughes has passed. All of those here referred to are Republicans. None of them seems able to separate in his mind the matter of the oil leases from the matter of Sinclair's contribution to the Republican campaign fund.

Any one who can suggest a sure means of purifying campaign funds and keeping them pure will be accepted as a benefactor by a certain number of Republicans. The majority of organization Republicans, however, are not seeking purification. They are relying upon the people to forget. Or, if the people should not forget, they are relying upon back-firing by raising the Tammany cry against Alfred E. Smith. Most of them accept his nomination as a foregone conclusion.

The indications are that, among the rank and file of Republicans throughout the country, there are many who are humiliated by the sorry plight of their party. Hundreds of letters a day are pouring in upon all of those few who have made any public pronouncement concerning the Hays-Sinclair scandal. With rare exceptions, Republican newspapers throughout the country have been critical.

The few here who openly favor an attempt at Republican purgation do not believe that the mere return of the Sinclair money or the uncovering of any other obliquity that may have existed in that campaign would be permanently efficacious. They believe that a reformation of the system of party financing is necessary. Hays and Sinclair, they say, were the accumulated logical result of what had long gone on in campaign financing. They see in the Sinclair contribution a progression from the general to the concrete purpose. Those of them who are still devoted to the traditions of Republicanism say the difference is this: That in the old days Republican bosses told the interests what to do whereas now the interests tell the Republican bosses what to do.

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What You Think of Prohibition

We want your help. Turn to page 415 of your copy of The Outlook for March 14; re-read The Outlook's prohibition questionnaire; take out a pencil and fill in the answers completely. Don't forget to add your name, address, occupation, and age. Then mail the completed coupon to the Questionnaire Editor of The Outlook, 120 East 16th Street, New York City. Answers to this questionnaire have been coming in at the rate of over a thousand a week and the flood still continues. The accompanying editorial explains why we urge the further co-operation of our readers.

THREE weeks ago The Outlook published the most searching questionnaire on the problem of prohibition which has been attempted by any journal or any agency. It was a questionnaire which required the most careful consideration on the part of our readers. As one of our subscribers wrote, "Not until I attempted to answer your questionnaire did I really have a clear idea of what I thought about prohibition." Our readers as leaders in their several communities are in a position to make of The Outlook questionnaire the most significant study of the state of public opinion concerning prohibition which has appeared since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. The results already secured are ample justification for this statement. We believe that no other journal is in as good a position as The Outlook to secure a complete analysis of the public mind. The character of Outlook subscribers and their traditional interest in its editorial policy constitute a combination which is, we believe, unique in the field of American journalism.

To assure beyond doubt the authenticity of the conclusions of our poll, we have turned the answers over to the Library Bureau Division of the Remington Rand Business Service Inc. This organization is equipped with the latest type of tabulating machinery and it has handled statistical work of very great importance. The service of this organization makes it feasible to analyze with great rapidity all the factors involved in the thousands of questionnaires which will undoubtedly be returned before the poll is concluded. Arrangements have been made to divide all the returns according to the sections of the country from which they come and the age and sex of the voters. The value of tabulating the answers into these age, sex, and territorial groups is already apparent. On the opposite page we publish a preliminary and general survey of the country as a whole. It covers approximately half of the answers already received. It represents, however, a conclusion which bears the same relation to the final results of our questionnaire that coal tar does to the chemical industry—coal tar is a product from which an infinite number of other valuable substances can be derived. The figures published here reveal only a minor part of the significance of The Outlook's poll. A hint of what the final analysis may reveal can be given by a few extracts from the detailed analysis which has been partially completed.

Turn to Question 1 in Group I on the opposite page. The detailed analysis shows that men under forty-five in the Middle Atlantic States—the section from which the most complete returns are now available—reply to the question whether they believe that *all* drinking of intoxicating beverages is morally wrong with a "No" in a ratio of over 5 to 1. Men over forty-five reply to that question—is *all* drinking of intoxicating beverages morally wrong?—with a "No" in a ratio which is nearer 2 to 1. Similarly, women under forty-five have answered this same question in a ratio of 3 to 2, while those over forty-five are practically evenly divided. In this same section of the country we find that those under forty-five were originally in favor of the Amendment (see Section II, Questions 1 and 2, on the opposite page) in a ratio of 8 to 5, while they are now in favor of it in a ratio of 7 to 6. The older group of men were originally in favor of the Amendment in a ratio of 2.7 to 1, and they are still in favor of the Amendment by a ratio of 2.6 to 1.

It is obvious from the result of the questionnaire that The Outlook's readers are markedly drier than the communities in which they live, and also that the various age and sex groups interpret the condition of these communities with significant differences. Testing this statement by replies from the Middle Atlantic group to Questions 10 and 11 in Group III, we find that younger men report that those opposed to home-brewing stand in the ratio of 1 to 1 to those who are indifferent to it or approve of it. Among the older group of men those who are opposed to home-brewing stand in the ratio of 2 to 1.4 to those who are either approving or indifferent. There are slightly more younger women who oppose home-brewing than those who are either indifferent towards it or approving of it. Among the older women the ratio of those who disapprove is to those who either approve or are indifferent as 3 is to 2.

When it comes to an analysis of the attitude of their community on this same question (see Question 11, Group III), the younger men reporting that their communities are indifferent to home-brewing or approve of it are in a ratio of 4 to 1 to those reporting that their communities oppose it. The older men indicate that their communities are about evenly divided. The younger women vote 2 to 1 in agreement with the younger men, while the older women are slightly drier than the older men in their conclusions.

One of the interesting features of the questionnaire is to be found in the fact that general tendencies are clearly manifest, even in groups from which a very limited number of votes have so far been received. Old Man Average seems to get in his work at the slightest provocation. We want, however, to give Old Man Average as firm as possible a basis to stand upon. If you have not yet sent in your questionnaire, please do so at the earliest possible moment.[1]

[1] This questionnaire has been purposely confined to regular readers of The Outlook in order that there might be no possible chance that conclusions for this particular group could be manipulated in any way. Those who are interested for their own information in polling their churches, lodges, granges, business associations, or communities can now secure extra copies of the questionnaire at the nominal price of $1.00 for 100. Newspaper editors who wish to reprint The Outlook questionnaire and poll their subscribers are urged to make arrangements at once with The Outlook's Questionnaire Editor.

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Preliminary Poll of Outlook Readers

QUESTIONS	ANSWERS
Group I	*Group I*
Do you believe	Yes % / No %
1. That all drinking of intoxicating beverages is morally wrong?	1. 34.4 / 65.6
2. That all drinking of intoxicating beverages is a social menace?	2. 55.9 / 44.1
3. That all making of intoxicating beverages is a social evil?	3. 53.4 / 46.6
Group II	*Group II*
1. Were you in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment at the time of its passage?	1. 76. / 24.
2. Are you in favor of it today?	2. 72. / 28.
3. Do you believe its main purpose was to	3.
(*a*) Destroy the commercial liquor traffic?	(*a*) 83. / 17.
(*b*) Effect a moral reform?	(*b*) 84.5 / 15.5
(*c*) Impose total abstinence?	(*c*) 63.2 / 36.8
(*d*) Avert an economic waste?	(*d*) 83. / 17.
4. Do you believe it was adopted as a result of	4.
(*a*) A real majority opinion?	(*a*) 72.5 / 27.5
(*b*) War hysteria?	(*b*) 29.6 / 70.4
(*c*) Organized propaganda?	(*c*) 53.9 / 46.1
(*d*) Belief that the liquor traffic was controllable by no other means?	(*d*) 78.5 / 21.5
Group III	*Group III*
What, in your opinion, has the Eighteenth Amendment with the Volstead Act accomplished?	
1. Has it improved conditions in your neighborhood?	1. 72.4 / 27.6
2. Has it improved general social conditions?	2. 71.4 / 28.6
3. Has it improved conditions in some groups of the population?	3. 90.8 / 9.2
4. Has it made conditions worse in some groups of the population?	4. 58.2 / 41.8
5. Has it resulted in moral improvement?	5. 61.9 / 38.1
6. Has it improved economic conditions?	6. 82.9 / 17.1
7. Has it increased respect for law?	7. 15.5 / 84.5
8. What is your attitude towards buying from bootleggers? Indifferent? Opposed? Approving? [1]	I. % / O. % / A. %: 8. 10.8 / 83.9 / 5.3
9. What is the attitude of your community towards buying from bootleggers? [1]	9. 30.9 / 55.4 / 13.7
10. What is your attitude towards home-brewing? [1]	10. 27.5 / 52.6 / 19.9
11. What is the attitude of your community towards home-brewing? [1]	11. 33.3 / 47.6 / 19.1
12. What is your attitude towards bootlegging? [1]	12. 10.5 / 85.4 / 4.1
13. What is the attitude of your community towards bootlegging? [1]	13. 30.8 / 59.9 / 9.3
Group IV	*Group IV*
1. If a Nation-wide plebiscite on the Eighteenth Amendment were possible, how would you vote?	Yes % / No %: 1.
(*a*) To retain the Eighteenth Amendment as it stands?	(*a*) 70.9 / 29.1
(*b*) To modify it by making it permissive with Congress instead of mandatory upon Congress to abolish or control the commercial liquor traffic?	(*b*) 21.4 / 78.6
(*c*) To abandon our policy of National control of the liquor traffic by striking the Amendment from the Constitution?	(*c*) 22.2 / 77.8
2. If a Nation-wide plebiscite (while the present Eighteenth Amendment is still in force) were possible on the Volstead Act, how would you vote?	2.
(*a*) To retain the Volstead Act as it stands?	(*a*) 65.6 / 34.4
(*b*) To modify it by increasing the permitted alcoholic content?	(*b*) 29.2 / 70.8
(*c*) To clarify the distinction between the home-brewer and the commercial bootlegger?	(*c*) 46.3 / 53.7
(*d*) To throw further protection about the sanctity of the home against search?	(*d*) 43. / 57.
(*e*) To protect personal liberty against abuses in enforcement?	(*e*) 57.5 / 42.5
3. If the country voted in favor of modifying the Eighteenth Amendment to make it permissive with Congress instead of mandatory upon Congress to abolish or control the liquor traffic, would you favor the retention of the essential elements of the present Volstead Act?	3. 71.8 / 28.2
4. Would you vote to have Congress permit territory in which wet sentiment predominates	4.
(*a*) To authorize a return of the licensed saloon?	(*a*) 5.9 / 94.1
(*b*) To manufacture and sell light wines and beers?	(*b*) 31.6 / 68.4
(*c*) To establish a Governmental dispensary system?	(*c*) 29.2 / 70.8
(*d*) To manufacture and sell distilled liquors?	(*d*) 21.5 / 78.5

[1] Answer with I (for Indifferent), O (for Opposed), or A (for Approving).

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Dorothy Dix: Matrimony and Horse Sense

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

The Freuds, the Adlers, and the Watsons dispute, but one practice of the psychiatrist seems to be established—that of trailing mature habits and states of mind to youthful teachings and experiences. Here, then, is the background from which Dorothy Dix emerged to become "the big sister of the troubled and perplexed."

IT has long been a theory that love makes the world revolve and that without its vital spark literature and all the other arts would swiftly die. At the present time, however, marriage and divorce and their attendant problems seem to be doing their share. Discussion of them guarantees the success of any celebrity's lecture tour. They stimulate ministers, club women, and writers to unending outbursts of denunciation or praise. Can matrimony, companionate or otherwise, be successful? Is divorce compatible with the safety of the Nation? What of the home and the children? What, if anything, has love to do with marriage?

Such questions arouse enormous heat whenever they come up, and few are entirely satisfied with such answers as may be offered. But to Dorothy Dix, counselor on love to millions of newspaper readers, the solution lies in expecting very little of marriage—or of anything else in this vale of tears. Life at its best is pretty bad. Wives should not complain about washing dishes, because husbands are finding their own work just as dull and monotonous. Men must philander and women must weep. The trouble with most marriages is that husband and wife start out with sublime, and foolish, hopes that they will be happy. It is a world designed for males, arranged for their benefit and comfort. Where concessions must be made for the sake of domestic peace the woman must probably make them. Care of her husband's stomach is the outstanding duty of every wife.

"Without doubt," Miss Dix has written, "marriage is a cruel and bitter disappointment to nine-tenths of those who enter into the holy estate. Sit down, sisters, and have a real heart-to-heart talk with yourselves. Put out of your mind forever the idiotic idea that there is any lot of perfect peace and happiness. Worry and anxiety and sickness and sorrow and disappointment and loneliness are the portion alike of the highest and the lowest."

MISS DIX, I am convinced through careful reading of her newspaper columns and books, is far more cynical about love and marriage than the younger literati are supposed to be. Most marriages will fail because most lives are failures. In every family "one kisses and the other submits to being kissed." This being so, she claims, it is better for the wife "to love than be loved." Otherwise, she is likely to run off with some actor. A man "marries to end romance." He "wants to be done with doubts and fears and heartburnings." Men, Miss Dix is certain, "prefer mediocrity in women." The basic thing on which "a man's love for a woman is built is his sense of superiority." The notion that his wife might cease to love him "never enters the average man's mind." It is usually very easy, Miss Dix has said, to "spot married couples" at the theater or in restaurants.

"The alert, interested, smiling people are unwed or are talking to other people's husbands and wives. Wives won't listen even when their husbands try to tell them about their plans and hopes and ambitions. And when a woman tries to talk to her husband about the things that are of interest to her he falls asleep and snores in her face."

It is more than a little shocking to read this sort of thing and to realize that such philosophies are spread to the four corners of the earth in 150 newspapers with a daily circulation approaching 20,000,000. For Miss Dix's column is syndicated to newspapers in the United States, Canada, England, Scotland, Australia, the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Hawaii. It is easy to laugh at what she writes as merely another "advice to the lovelorn" forum. The fact is, of course, that no similar newspaper feature in history has had so astonishing a circulation. To Miss Dix turn girls and boys believing themselves in love or troubled because they are not, men and women wondering whether divorce is a solution to their problem, men and women perplexed by sex impulses they do not understand. And Miss Dix is rarely in doubt about the soundness of her advice. Sex and birth control she largely ignores. Her plea is for horse sense in matrimony. Away with romantic nonsense! Divorce is no remedy, because the next marriage is likely to be just as bad. Get down to brass tacks and realize that the optimisms of youth, the dreams of man for an ideal, his aspirations for success, the belief of woman that men may be honorable—realize, Miss Dix urges, that all these are largely futile. And that her views must satisfy the great mass of the people is evidenced by the popularity of her output.

Those of us who believe love, intellectual congeniality, courage, and sex honesty the prime essentials of successful marriage may quarrel with the counsel given by Miss Dix. Our chief complaint must be that it is so materialistic. We may be apprehensive, too, that her views on women, marriage, and divorce are those of the vast majority, and therefore carry great weight. Every one agrees, however, that she is desperately sincere in her work. She may be the highest-paid woman in the newspaper profession, but this is less important to her than that she is, to quote the syndicate which handles her output, "the big sister of the troubled and perplexed." Her hard-boiled, often bitter, outlook toward the business of living is explained, perhaps, by the fact that her private life has been none too happy.

"I have had," she wrote in her latest book, "what people call a hard life. I have been through the depths of poverty and sickness. I have known want and struggle and anxiety and despair. I have always had to work beyond the limit of my strength.

"As I look back upon my life I see it as a battlefield strewn with the wrecks of dead dreams and broken hopes and shattered illusions—a battle in which I have always fought with the odds tremendously against me, and which has left me scarred and bruised and maimed and old before my time.

"Yet I have no pity for myself; no tears to shed over the past and gone sorrows; no envy for the women who have been spared all that I have gone through. . . . I have known things they will never know. I see things to which

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Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer—"Dorothy Dix"

they are blind. It is only the women whose eyes have been washed clear with tears who get the broad vision that makes them little sisters to all the world."

THE details behind this summary are known only to Miss Dix. She seldom talks about her personal life, and certainly it is no one's business except her own. She has said, however, that her own marriage was "a bitter disillusionment from the start" and that within a year she had been "chucked out in the world, not only to earn my own living but to support others." Dorothy Dix is a pen-name. Her real name is Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer, and she was born in 1870 in Woodstock, Tennessee, a small village on the Kentucky border. Her parents were Tennessee Meriwethers, and in her girlhood she knew horses and plantation life. She was educated at a "female seminary" in a neighboring city, was graduated with an assortment of useless knowledge, and was married very soon afterwards to a young man who became a chronic invalid within a short time.

Elizabeth Meriwether must have been a typical young gentlewoman of the Old South. The family fortunes had been partially depleted in the Civil War and as she reached maturity faded into poverty. She was unsophisticated, untrained, entirely unfit to cope with the world. Girls of her day had been taught to expect care and protection from a husband, taught that their safety depended upon marriage. Thus unequipped, she suddenly faced the necessity of earning a living for herself and her family. Today she is earning a very large salary, but the memory of those months and years of anxiety still remains. It influences very often, no doubt, what she writes.

"My husband is a brute. He mistreats me. He has affairs with other women. He wants to be rid of me. What shall I do? We have two children."

Very frequently questions of this type appear in her column.

"My heart bleeds for you," Dorothy Dix is likely to reply. "But will you be any better off if you are divorced? A beast of a husband is no worse than the wolf at the door. Alimony is difficult to collect. It is hard to make a living."

The surprising thing is that a woman who has fought her own fight so valiantly should now be so pessimistic about the ability of her sisters to do likewise. One can only conclude that the terror of the early years still haunts her and guides her pen, and this, it is my theory, is the worst feature of her philosophy. Again and again she preaches caution and warns of the inevitability of defeat. Women, particularly if there are children, must sacrifice their souls for food and shelter; for has not Miss Dix found life "a battlefield strewn with the wrecks of dead dreams"? She urges women to learn a trade; not that they may enter the world outside the kitchen and thereby grow in intelligence, but because only in this way can wives break away when matrimony becomes intolerable.

A FEW years after her marriage worry and apprehension caused the youthful Mrs. Gilmer to suffer a nervous breakdown. Some friends raised enough money to send her to the Mississippi Gulf coast to recuperate. While there she met the owner of the New Orleans "Picayune" and succeeded in selling a short article she had written. Her newspaper career began on the same paper, at a salary of $5 a week. It was then, too, that she adopted the pen-name of Dorothy Dix. Part of her duties was to write a weekly article for women.

In 1901 William Randolph Hearst, still engaged in his circulation race with Joseph Pulitzer, summoned her to New York to increase the feminine clientele of his "Journal." Miss Dix became one of the sob-sisters who were a journalistic novelty of the day. They covered murder trials, wrote tear-jerking stories concerning lady defendants, put heart-throbs into everything. She believes that her experiences in the hurly-burly of crime reporting were extremely valuable and that she gained much knowledge now useful in conducting her column.

"I have been the confidante," she has said, "of the women who keep brothels and the girls in them. I have sat in prison cells and listened to the heart stories of murderesses and have sat in luxurious drawing-rooms while the guest of millionaires' wives. I have seen women in their moments of triumph and in their hours of despair; and there is no joy or sorrow that can tear at the human heart that I do not know. All of this has given me a knowledge and an understanding of human nature that no young girl or woman who has led just a

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home life could have. There isn't much concerning men and women that you don't hear and see as a sob-sister."

But it is open to doubt that service as a sob-sister affords, in itself, anything but a distorted picture of life and the human heart.

By 1908 Miss Dix was writing a daily feature from which her present column has been evolved. These "Talks" in the "Journal" continued up to 1917, when Miss Dix shifted to a newspaper syndicate and expanded her field. She assumed the burden of conducting a confessional only gradually, but now it is the major part of her work. She lives in New Orleans, in a house filled with treasured antiques, and spends at least five hours a day writing letters. Usually there are about 500 letters a day, and sometimes there are 1,000 in the special mail-pouch reserved for her. One secretary does nothing but handle the mail. Miss Dix insists that all letters be read and answered. In a recent interview she explained her system:

"The letters that ask perfunctory questions such as 'What year was McKinley elected President?' or 'How can I reduce a double chin?' are answered by my secretary without consulting me. But if the question is a complicated one, I dictate the reply. My assistant also weeds out the most vital ones, and these I answer through the newspapers. They form the basis for most of my articles.

"The letters are written by every class, even the highest. They are not only from the ignorant and the lowly. Often doctors consult me, and lawyers, about problems that arise in their professions. And I get hundreds and hundreds of letters from people who tell me that I have helped them. Often a girl writes that I have turned her back just as she was starting down the primrose path.

"Almost all of the letters are written by some one in dire distress. They are little bleeding pieces of people's hearts, confidences torn out of the souls of weeping men and women. They tell me things they only tell their God, and so these letters make the most amazing human document that anybody has ever been privileged to read, and my one feeling about it all is the passionate regret that I am not better fitted to answer them."

Obviously, Miss Dix is a gentle and kindly person who would like to alleviate the suffering that man is heir to. The theory has been offered that she speaks for the older generation and that her views on divorce are due to this. The thought is dispelled, however, by recollection of some of her writings. She has no patience with those who believe modern girls less moral than those of the restricted '90's and has said so repeatedly. She declined to become alarmed when chaperons disappeared and when flappers started to discard superfluous clothing. She believes that the girl of to-day is likely to be just as excellent a mother as the Gibson girl turned out to be; better, if anything. She berates stupid parents who attempt to rule the lives of their children and warns them that youth laughs at a lack of latch-keys. Parents should never live with their married sons or daughters—it is one of the chief causes of marital unhappiness. To the extent that Dorothy Dix harps on these things she has done untold good.

Being a Southern lady, it is not unnatural that Miss Dix is no feminist. Back in the days of the suffrage fight she urged that women be given the vote, but said that while "men looked after the big things" women would "look after the little things." The feminine vote "would supplement man's." Even while telling women to train themselves for self-support she reminds them that "they make the greatest successes who stick to purely feminine lines." But, despite her disbelief in divorce and her warnings that women must make most of the concessions in marriage, she by no means advocates door-mat wives. On the contrary, she calls for rebellion and reprisals when husbands fail to treat them as human beings. One woman, for example, wrote that her husband refused to give her any money although she was doing all of the housework and taking care of a baby.

"I think," said Miss Dix, "that a wife married to a man like that should go on strike and refuse to do another hand's turn of work until he agrees to give her for her own personal use at least the wages of a domestic. Let him come home and find no dinner because the cook has struck for wages. Let him find beds unmade, the floors unswept. Let him find that he hasn't a clean collar or a clean shirt."

It is inconceivable, in an age when every high school girl uses Freudian patter, that scores of the letters received by Miss Dix do not deal with sex and birth control. I have, obviously, no knowledge of how she treats these subjects when she writes personal letters in reply. It is quite possible that she deals frankly with them and that it is the limitations of newspaper syndication which force her to ignore them in her published articles. I am led to the conclusion, however, that girlhood restraints surrounding a Southern woman of gentle birth are again an influence. A recent column set forth that "common sense and love"—the order in which she puts them are significant—were indispensable to matrimony. But nine-tenths of the column extolled the value of common sense. Miss Dix admitted, it is true, that "if husband and wife love each other nothing else matters." Her assumption seemed to be, though, that this was unlikely and that common sense was an excellent substitute. I cannot avoid the thought that Miss Dix places little weight in the often hidden natural laws which, in the light of latter-day psychology, are known to have so profound an effect on marital happiness. Indeed, one letter indicates that she is naïvely innocent of the whole problem.

"I am engaged to be married," wrote some youth, "to a girl who refuses to let me kiss her although the marriage is to take place in about four months. Is this right?"

"It seems to me that the young lady is a trifle prudish," said Miss Dix, "but I should think that a man would be tickled half to death, and feel that he was marrying the Snow Maiden of the fairy tale, if he got an unkissed bride in these days."

That men can be interested in their wives because they are intelligent persons, proud of them because they are women of attainment in business, the arts, or the professions—all this seems beyond the conception of Miss Dix. No man, she has written, "can understand a woman's heart." He is "never really interested in the things a woman is interested in." There can never be "perfect congeniality or understanding" between man and woman. There "must always be some things no woman can say to a man because he could never get her point of view."

"Men prefer mediocrity in women," she wrote another time. "They like a girl to be so-so, but not too much so, if you get what I mean. They prefer the pretty girl to the beauty. You couldn't invite Venus into your kitchen. Same way about brains. If I had a daughter, I should pray Heaven to make her neither a Dumb Dora nor a highbrow college graduate, but to bestow on her a good, moderate, serviceable amount of gray matter that would enable her to

(*Please turn to continuation, page 560*)

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What Is Right With Coal?

By JOHN C. HADDOCK

"Every one seems to know what is wrong with coal. I'd like to try to tell what is right with coal. It would be a unique theme, at least." Thus Mr. Haddock when The Outlook asked him if he would like to contribute to the current discussion. He is a Pennsylvania operator.

A VERY able official of one of the large chain-store companies made a tremendous impression upon the writer of this article during a drive to raise money for a certain charity which was not entirely popular. In the course of his speech he had a large white card brought upon the platform. In the center of the poster was a comparatively small black spot, and all the rest of the pasteboard, which comprised many times the area of the black spot, was white. The analogy was simple. You saw the spot far more clearly than the remainder of the card, even though the black was hardly five per cent of the white.

To a resident of the mining regions of Pennsylvania, coal is so fundamental a part of our daily life that the bird's-eye view necessary to academic discussion is very often lacking. On the other hand, bird's-eye views are terrifically misleading, as they deal entirely with superficialities and show the ground as it was and as it is, but not as it will be. Some of us, therefore, are hardly to be blamed when we feel a distinct restlessness under the tongue-lashing of agricultural Washingtonians (who have neither the bird's-eye view nor the resident's practical opportunity) and the destructive criticism of writers for the business and financial papers who, in spite of their analytical attitude, are secretly rather glad of the chance to give coal a chirographic kick in the ribs.

To most of these and to a large percentage of the general public coal is simply coal. Of course, this is not the case. There are two general subdivisions of coal as between anthracite and bituminous, and in these general subdivisions there are many further classifications as to quality and utility, which apply more specifically to bituminous than anthracite. The commercial production and reserve of anthracite is confined to a comparatively small area in the State of Pennsylvania, while bituminous is present in wide areas through our Southern, Western, Northern, and Eastern States. Anthracite, by reason of its highly organized union (since by law a man must labor in the anthracite mines for two years before becoming a miner with a State certificate), by its common aims and the general familiarity of its operators with their business, may preferably be called an industry. Bituminous, through the multiplicity and the localization of its markets, the lack of similar working conditions, and the lack of similar geological conditions, is most emphatically a business rather than an industry, if such a distinction may be made.

THERE are only two things in common to both anthracite and bituminous coal other than the chemical fact that they give out heat under certain conditions. One has never, to my knowledge, been mentioned, and yet is the fundamental cause of all labor difficulties and lack of co-operation between miners and operators. The miner and the numerous individuals who aid in the operation of a colliery are differently situated from the employees of a mill, or a factory, or even a quarry. A vast number of these people are piece-workers. They rarely see the actual head of the company which employs them; they are in conversation, say, weekly with the manager or superintendent of that company, and they see their foreman possibly twice a day. They are individuals working in the dark by uncertain light at private businesses in surroundings which psychologically cause introspection and breed suspicion. If *you* have a disagreement with some one in which you feel that possibly you may be called upon to sacrifice comfort or money or profit (and be sure that this disagreement is with some one in whom you have no particular confidence), try going into a dark room with a flickering candle, a carbide light, or some other uncertain and rather annoying form of illumination. Be sure that, while the air is good, it is not any too stimulating. Stay in that room for five or six hours, and see if you leave it with a feeling of more acute brotherly love for your particular *bête noire* of the day than when you went in.

The peculiar attitude of mind development under surroundings similar to those just mentioned is the real explanation of the colossal influence of such shrewd commercial shamans as John L. Lewis. Add to this the fact that every working place in the coal veins is slightly different, that one miner rarely sees another actually working at the face unless they are employed on the same job, and that the measure of a worker's ability or his experience is expressed not by the eyesight of his fellows but by his own utterance, and you can readily see why grievances should bring the malcontents together and why the only one with actual knowledge as to comparative values of employees should be the foreman and his assistants, who are the representatives of capital, and not labor. Freud could not construct on order a mass mentality which would be more susceptible to oratorical leadership and agitation.

The other thing, which has only been recognized by a few, and least of all the union, to say nothing of some of the more hard-boiled operators, is that the production of coal, both anthracite and bituminous, long ago ceased to be part of a natural monopoly and became the manufacture of a competitive commodity. A careful review would indicate that this economic change commenced at least thirty years ago and marked industrial depressions in coal occurred prior to the war, but the rush of trade incident to 1917 and 1918 so completely covered up the natural course of events by a false demand that in the past three years we have been faced with a situation which was seemingly unexpected.

Having attempted to define in a somewhat redundant and necessarily brief manner the differences between anthracite and bituminous, let us turn our attention for a minute to the latter, as being allegedly the sicker and certainly superficially the most disorganized.

A RECENT reporter in The Outlook, writing a review of the so-called coal industry in the manner of George Jean Nathan's opinion of a play by Dr. Louis K. Anspacher, implied that the coal industry, unless it was careful, might break down into being the stepchild of other industries more ably run.

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This remark savored of killing with kindness, as anything which may hasten such a condition for bituminous coal is very much to be looked forward to. In fact, that is the logical function of bituminous coal. There are types of bituminous of peculiar use to any one of a number of industries, and there are types of bituminous which, by reason of transportation facilities, are available only to certain territories. Soft-coal mines differ geologically, practically, and in every other conceivable manner, and it is just as absurd to expect them to be classed in one bracket as it is to expect the same kind of a Congressional representative from the New York districts and the rural districts of Arkansas. Saddle, in past years, these widely decentralized mines having totally different conditions with a National union which refused to recognize the law of supply and demand and unwisely tried to make conditions of payment over wide areas identical, regardless of markets, freight rates, or competitive fuels, and we have a condition today which, to my mind, is infinitely encouraging. The uneconomic theories of the union are so disproved that the combined efforts of their extremely able executives, plus cheap theatricalism and all the sob-sisters of the public press, can't keep it alive. Bankruptcies, receiverships, and horse sense are shutting up the inefficient and uneconomic mines, and all this is happening so rapidly that today the bituminous-coal business is far better off than it was six months ago. Isn't this very disintegration, which the uninformed and ill-advised are terrorized by, the healthiest sign in the whole bituminous situation, and doesn't it mean that eventually soft coal will be efficiently produced at a reasonable cost as an integral part of, or service to, those other industries to which it is necessary and will be more necessary in the future?

SHIPS have gone over to oil, to be sure, but recently the writer was talking to an executive of one of the shipping companies, who stated that certain vessels were to be converted to powdered coal, as this was far less expensive in the long run than even fuel oil, and infinitely more efficient. It is gratifying to a friend of the bituminous business to read the authorized report on the Shipping Board steamer Mercer, which has been trying out this same powdered coal, and it seems reasonable to assume that in trade routes where cargo space and bunkering may be prorated satisfactorily powdered coal, in its turn, will displace oil.

Then, in passing, let us look back to the number of munition factories, the foundries, the shipping companies, and other war industries which went completely under. If it had not been for a number of excellent Republican and Democratic reasons, the bituminous-coal fields, and particularly the unionized bituminous-coal fields, would have had their shake-down long before this, and a shake-down which was as inevitable and unavoidable as the other individual business depressions just referred to. It therefore seems pretty certain that the better qualities of bituminous coal, regardless of competition, will find a fair market at a reasonable price so long as the forces which are inevitably bringing the business to an economic basis are permitted to act unhampered and soft coal doesn't become the football of any particular party or class of individuals.

NOW let us consider anthracite. Bituminous, as has been shown, is not an industry in the accepted sense of the term, it is a business; but on the other side, anthracite, as stated before, is. Mined by a comparatively few companies and with its workers signed up as members of the United Mine Workers of America, there is a distinct compactness and accessibility, both to good will and ill will, which makes anthracite peculiarly susceptible to outside influences and has caused many a Governmental bureau to roll a covetous eye from a supervisory standpoint. The success of anthracite will depend on its remaining an independent industry and, while the characteristics of anthracite coal from various sections differ slightly, its uses remain the same, and its essentially sound position today is tenable because of a variety of causes, some of which again seem like evils.

Cold weather and high winds make for the necessity of domestic fuel. Any furnace user knows that it is nothing for him to suffer a fluctuation of twenty-five per cent in his consumption of coal as between a severe day and a warm day. As a matter of fact, if he does not have this fluctuation he is not firing his furnace properly and has not got modern equipment. We have had during the past two years abnormally warm winters with comparatively little high wind, with the result that the decreased demand, plus a certain amount of potential production originated during the war, has made a large majority of mining companies work part time. This, in turn, has conclusively proved to a noticeable percentage of the rank and file of the union that they can't work when they want to and at wages which they wish, but rather when the public desires to purchase their commodity and at a remuneration which that same public is willing to pay.

Further, unscrupulous and unwise operators in times of coal famine previously shipped dirty and poorly sized coal. Today there is an Anthracite Inspection Service which examines the production of most operating companies constituent to the industry, while all reputable producers have the most rigid personal standards and maintain them religiously. Today only good coal sells, because the market is oversupplied, and it takes good equipment to prepare good coal, so that the irresponsible "gyps" which brought the business into such bad repute have faded from the picture, and ninety-nine per cent of the coal shipped today is produced by operators with a sense of responsibility, who are building for the future as well as the present. How many householders know that there are sixty-eight experienced fuel engineers operating under the direction of an institution called the Anthracite Coal Service, at 260 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania? Every large builder, every architect, and every consumer of size in the anthracite-coal buying territory, to say nothing of the disgruntled user of the product, is directly or indirectly covered by these practical men, whose services are free. How many people know that, even with war development, warm weather for two successive years, and the lessening competition of inferior fuels, to say nothing of the deserved and undeserved ill will in many sections of the country, the anthracite industry is producing and selling more than eighty per cent of its average maximum tonnage for its best three-year period, and this at a time when, in spite of what the papers say, large sections are suffering from industrial depression or at least a lack of prosperity?

LET us shift the scene for a minute to Westchester County, New York, where the soft tinkle of the cocktail shaker may be heard from the homes of the well-to-do. It is in such well-tailored surroundings that the oil-burner salesman and purveyor of less dangerous and even more expensive substitutes finds his readiest market. Westchester County is supposed to have more oil-burners per capita than any other section, and yet we find that in the city of New Rochelle during 1921 56,248 tons of anthracite were used; in 1924, 61,338 tons; and in 1926, 77,455 tons. This would certainly

(*Please turn to continuation, page 553*)

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In Defense of Suburbia

A Reply to "Is Suburban Living a Delusion?"

By ETHEL LONGWORTH SWIFT

Christine Frederick decided that "for the more sophisticated and individual types . . . the suburb is sometimes utterly intolerable and nearly always a disappointment." The present writer moved to Suburbia after trying apartment life abroad and at home, "and even an individualist's contempt of our environment fails to make us believe that we have made a mistake."

DEFENSIVELY, apprehensively, I have been reviewing my suburban position.

For I read Christine Frederick's article "Is Suburban Living a Delusion?" in The Outlook of February 22.

Are we daily deceiving ourselves, I asked myself, in believing that the environment offered by our suburb is to be preferred immeasurably to that offered by a city apartment? Or have we, by accident, got into an unusual suburb? Are we, in measuring the manifest advantages of our home in Suburbia, losing sight of its disadvantages? Indeed, are our minds so dulled by the sugar-coated *bourgeois* existence of life in our little town that we have lost, not only the ability to plumb the depths of cosmopolitan life, but even the insight to recognize our own narrowness? Is our preference a dishonest one?

My answer to all those questions is, No. I stand for the suburb. There are bound to be varied opinions on such a subject. Dissimilar individualities, none of them ever to be completely satisfied, find expression in a variety of modes of existence, any one of which is a compromise with the individual's ideal. Few of us can live where and how we wish.

But when it is claimed that "for the more sophisticated and individual types the suburb is sometimes utterly intolerable, and nearly always a disappointment," a charge is made that requires somewhat more proof than such flat statements as "Privacy is not a commodity to be had in the suburbs except at great trouble and cost and the making of enemies," and "The suburb operates the *neighborhood* principle, plus the worst of all principles of selection—wealth. It cannot operate an *interest* basis of social life to any degree."

To own a country house on a country road with two acres of land one hour and a half or so from the city, and to rent at the same time a small city apartment, is suggested as a solution of the problem of living. Hosts of us agree. But such an idyllic existence in and near any of the larger American cities could not be contemplated without an income beyond that on which most of us must operate our households. Unfortunately, there are thousands of sophisticates and individualists who must find a way to solve their living problems on moderate incomes. That secondary dwelling, the small apartment in town, is a financial impossibility to most of those who wish to live outside the city limits. We are left with the thought of that house in the "real country," a house which is granted to be an hour and a half or so by rail from the city. Most people will agree that it would be difficult to find such a spot in the neighborhood of the three or four largest cities of the United States without paying for it more than the majority of suburbanites can afford. But let us assume that such a house could be secured.

CAN the average business or professional man, country lover though he be, spend from four to five hours of his day getting himself to and from his office? Allow fifteen minutes at each end of the trip for getting to and from stations, a fair average I think, and, at the least, the head of this family of country dwellers must spend four hours a day in transit. This would mean, for those families which cannot afford that convenient secondary dwelling in town, sacrifice of the man to the desire of his wife and children to live where there are no concrete sidewalks and where the door-bell rings only occasionally.

Many of us hope to have that country house some day, but only when we too can afford in addition a small city apartment!

In the meantime we, like others, have moved to a suburb. We moved because (dare I say it in the presence of those who turn up their sophisticated noses at the suburb and all that therein is?) we liked the country, because we believed that our small children would find there a more normal, healthy environment than the city was providing, and because we ourselves wanted a certain material spaciousness that we hoped could be found even in the atmosphere of "those neat toy houses all set in neat rows."

We have lived in Suburbia for a year, and even an individualist's contempt of our environment fails to make us believe that we have made a mistake.

Two European capitals and the two largest cities of America are included in our experience of apartment life. In the pursuit of "news," which is the commodity which has brought us a living, we have dallied at times in other cities and have tried other forms of metropolitan living, yet we are convinced that at present, in our suburban home, taking into consideration our children and the necessary enriching of their backgrounds, we are living more fully and more graciously than we could do in any city apartment operated on the same annual income.

OUR suburb must surely be a typical one. It is neither especially fashionable nor yet notably unfashionable, using those words with their usual connotations. Its people, so far as we can see, are very much the same people who lived about us in New York and Chicago. They have not overwhelmed us with "neighborliness" nor do we have difficulty in avoiding the social life that has been kindly offered to us, but which does not happen to attract us. We have not, to my knowledge, made any enemies; we have made no friends on a purely "neighbor" basis. I do not know the name of a neighbor two hundred feet away, nor was I even conscious of my ignorance until The Outlook's article set me thinking of what I might expect to suffer from my neighbors!

We moved to the suburbs so that we and our children might be near to the grass and the trees. Big elm trees shade our front door. A crooked ledge of gray rock juts out of the hill that rises to the terraced lawn of a suburban house across our street. Ferns grow wild on

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that ledge in the summer-time. I rake the leaves myself from our seventy-five by one hundred and twenty-five foot garden. My small son builds a hut from packing-boxes in the sumach bushes of the vacant lot next door; my daughter wrestles with a cigar-box which will presently appear as a bird-house meant to lure a bluebird to our garden. The children range about the neighborhood unsupervised. In the city small children cannot be permitted to go far from home alone, a state of affairs which hinders the development of the spirit of independence, so essential to the complete development of the child.

With this suburb as a base, we have rediscovered the out-of-doors. We have tramped the countryside for miles about. We have grilled steaks on wooded hills and have built our camp-fires in the snow, and we have thanked Heaven that the suburb gave us a chance to do so. We look back on those days in town when a day in the country (and the average man, be it remembered, has only Saturday and Sunday for such relaxation) was preceded by a long train ride or by hours of driving by car along roads even then overcrowded, and we thank our stars that our lot is now cast in pleasanter places.

For a ridiculously small sum we are able to keep our canoe at the local yacht club. Remember, we are not a fashionable suburb and the "club" is but a shed by the water's edge. We have known the delight of sleeping under blankets in the open air in the shadow of the Hudson's Palisades with a smudge to keep the mosquitoes away, and of waking to see the sun rising over the Westchester hills.

As for those folk who fled from the small town to the city to escape the narrowness of Main Street, and who are now flitting to the suburbs, expecting a social miracle and finding only the old Main Street again, are they not one with all the dreamers who hope to find a utopia on earth? Main Street is a state of mind, as every American schoolboy ought to know by this time. The born Main Streeter is as indigenous to New York as to Sauk Center or Suburbia.

The individualist will find his suburban neighbors as willing, and even as anxious, to let him alone as were his former neighbors of the apartment-house in the city. The custom of calling indiscriminately upon newcomers is dying a logical and natural death in the suburbs. Good riddance to it! The few people who called upon us when we first arrived in Suburbia did so because there was in each case some definite connection either of previous family friendship or of similar interests. So conscious were our callers of the desuetude of the old custom that each one, to our amusement, qualified his or her visit with a series of remarks that implied: "Do as you like about making friends with us. We think we could get on with you very well; we have this or that in common, but you are under no obligation, you know."

The very word suburb implies a certain nearness to the city which militates against the close community life that is characteristic of the small town. There is a certain amount of community life, and it is indulged in by those who desire it, particularly those who have regretted its inapplicability to life in the city itself; but those who do not care for it are sufficiently near the city to find there an outlet for their social instincts. Friendships on a basis of common interests are just as possible to suburbanites as to city folk or owners of country houses. Forty minutes out is as close, in point of time, to the heart of New York as are many of our friends who live in the city itself.

In the morning at this season we awaken to see tiny green buds pricked on the black twigs outside our windows, to be aware of the silent streets, to see last year's dead brown leaves stirring on the ground to the breeze that blows down from the Tappan Zee. At night the sound of the neighbor's gramophone, floating across shrubbery and through the high lilac hedge, is infinitely less noisy than was the combined sound from the radio above us and the piano below us when our rooftree was an apartment-house. No one dances to jazz music over our heads when we want to dream by our log fire. We can talk as loudly as we wish, and even indulge in noisy gayety, without waking the children, who used to sleep within sound of our apartment living-room, and who now are far removed by floors and doors.

The mechanism of life is less standardized, to be sure. The pipes do not always gush hot water at will, and we shovel the snow from our own dooryard. No dumb-waiter buzzes hungrily for a garbage-pail at seven in the morning, nor is there an efficient garbage chute. We must climb a flight of stairs to our bedrooms. There is not even an elevator to speed us to the attic, from which we, unaided, drag down our own fly-screens in the spring, and where, with our own hands, we pack the porch furniture in the autumn. A furnace-man, rather than a janitor, looks after our furnace along with those of several of our neighbors, and he is not at the other end of a telephone wire to be scolded when the house grows unnecessarily cold. We may even have to descend by the stairs to the basement to open the draughts of our own furnace! Help is not so easy to get as in the city, to be sure, nor yet so difficult as the owners of small country houses find it.

Books, newspapers, the written word in all its forms, is our field of interest, so, naturally, we have made friends in Suburbia with those of like concerns. Magazine editors, men and women on the staffs of publishing houses and of newspapers, dramatic critics, free-lance writers—there are plenty of them in our suburb who together form a loose federation, a basis for a certain amount of social enjoyment. Every individual of the group has necessarily close contacts with New York and with his special circle therein, but his life as a part of this suburb (exclusive of his home) is probably of less importance to him than his life in New York. I used the masculine pronoun intentionally, for the women, who are in the main mothers, find probably their first interest in the life of which their children are a part, and their secondary interest in the life of the metropolis. Nor are they Main Street women because of this fact.

One mother in our suburb is an illustrator of children's books. Friendship with her has thrown new light for me on the field of art in relation to children. An acquaintance, a clever chemist, has temporarily given up her work for the purpose of rearing a family and is interesting herself in her husband's scientific research, which is closely allied to her own special interest. She and her husband are members of the university group in Suburbia, a coterie of members of the staff of three universities in the city of New York. They, with their wives, form a group wider in outlook than the academic circle of the average small college town.

Yes, most of us suburbanites, in spite of statements to the contrary, have children. Many of us, in our suburb, are sending them to a private school which was organized co-operatively by a group of parents, and which continues to be operated co-operatively by the parents of the pupils. These suburban parents, believing that the local public school was not sufficiently progressive in method for their children, had with the best educa-

(*Please turn to continuation, page 558*)

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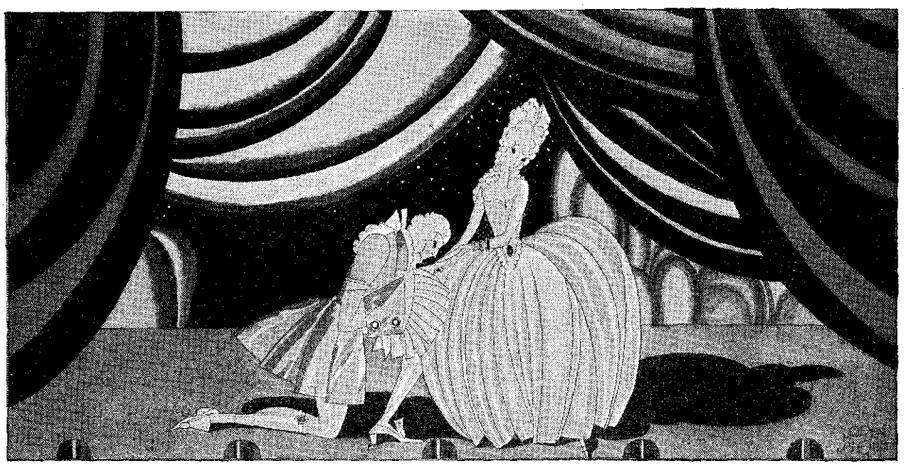
Lights Down: A Review of the Stage



IT is gradually becoming evident, to us at least, that Zoe Akins, author of Laurette Taylor's new play, "The Furies," has dramatic ideas but doesn't think. We say this in the best of humor—because we have just come from the Shubert Theatre, and we must confess that for sheer nervous tensity the last act of "The Furies" would be hard to equal. On the top of a forty-two-story building is Oliver Bedloe's studio apartment with its windows open to the sky and its balcony overlooking New York. To this apartment a woman has come because Oliver Bedloe was her murdered husband's best friend and lawyer. There are just two main facts about Oliver Bedloe. He has been in love with this wife for fifteen years, and he is a maniac—although no one knows this except his physician, who has not yet had him committed to an asylum because his attacks are intermittent and so far not dangerous.

Laurette Taylor plays the part of the wife who comes to this man's apartment. She comes to ask him to forget the quarrel which has developed between them over the legal handling of her husband's murder; and she is unaware of the lawyer's passion or his insanity. She only knows that he is immensely antagonistic toward the man with whom she was about to elope on the night of her husband's murder—a man whom circumstances have shown her she no longer loves.

Ensues a scene wherein the lawyer declares his love for her at the same moment that his physician, not knowing that any one is with him in his studio, locks the doors upon him in order to confine him during one of his maniacal periods. There is thus presented the spectacle of a woman alone with a madman who loves her, on the top of a forty-two-story building with its windows open to the sky. Add to this the fact that Oliver Bedloe was himself the murderer of the woman's husband because of his insane jealousy, and you have the situation.

Almost at once it comes out that for years the lawyer has loved her, has done everything in his power to keep her in his own social circle, has suppressed all outward expression of his feelings, and meanwhile has piled up jewels and costly necklaces as gifts which he will some time give her. Even as he reveals his passion for her, madness begins to sweep him. For an instant you are positive he is going to throttle her with the pearl necklace which he places around her neck. The next moment you are certain that the same pistol which killed her husband is going to be used upon her. Outside the windows meanwhile a storm rises—presumably the Furies beating against the room. Inside, the woman and the madman beat upon the doors trying vainly to get out—the lawyer half-realizing his insanity and the hopelessness of his situation, the woman torn between pity and fear and horror.

Not a dull situation, is it? No, it isn't. It is as devastating an attack on an audience's composure as we have ever witnessed. And Laurette Taylor, whatever her misadventures these past few years, gives a performance that despite its flaws perilously approaches magnificence. Few people can sit through it without experiencing a feeling very closely resembling relief once the curtain has fallen. Such a scene could be funny. But it isn't. It is blood-curdling.

Viewed in the light of cold reason, the whole thing, of course, is utterly impossible and ridiculous. One doesn't easily conceive of a physician in possession of such facts about a maniac allowing him to remain at large either as a counsel in murder cases or as host for lone women in his studio apartment. Nor is it credible that he would allow him to surround himself with insane members of his family who play upon violins and pianos at all hours. These instruments heighten the effect of horror, but we imagine they would be barred by a psychiatrist.

The whole thing, upon examination, seems a dramatic absurdity thinly coated with a kind of pseudo-philosophy which, as voiced by certain of the characters, sets forth the idea that our ethics are so changed in these modern days that there is no longer a beneficent God or Father to watch over us. Instead we are surrounded by those old Furies whom the Greeks conceived as attendant upon justice—vengeful beings who lash us hither and yon.

This is not to say that the characters in "The Furies" are not exceptionally well drawn. They are—and the play is well acted. We haven't been so impressed by anything in a long time as the extremely individualistic dinner party in the first act, at which every guest does exactly as he pleases and is a distinct person in himself, both in his ideas and in his actions.

And yet when all is done, the beholder cannot escape the conviction that Miss Akins is just presenting in a new guise a melodrama, let us say, of the days of Charles Dickens. Every one remembers the mad characters and the fiendish ferocity of the villains of that era; and a moment's reflection convinces us that the villain of "The Furies" is merely another one of these, decked out in new if tattered psychological garments and stalking around in extremely modern company.

The saving grace both for Miss Taylor and Miss Akins lies in the fact that it is impossible to indulge in these reflections while the play itself is going on. Our advice is to go and be horror-struck—if you feel up to it. F. R. B.

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Miniatures from the Life

The Sea

By IBBY HALL

BACK in the '80's there were two little boys on Long Island, and their closest neighbor was the sea. She was a strange and fascinating neighbor, but there were days when she gathered her strength together like a great wild animal and lashed and tore as though the sandy beach were bars of a cage. Afterwards the wrecks came in. The little boys would approach her cautiously again. They had been shaken and terrified, but was there any other beast or playfellow quite so marvelous?

The boys grew to be fishermen. They had their living from the sea. Beautiful and treacherous as she was, they never outgrew their infatuation. They outgrew youth and reached middle age. They even outgrew the old-time fishing boats, and together invested in a dory run by motor.

This winter was a mild one. The two men set out for deep water on a day that was fair and promising. They had reached the open sea before the temperature began to fall. Before the rise of the wind they had put in a good day's fishing; but for once they had miscalculated. The snap of this gale was too quick for them. After all these years they had become a little sure and confident towards the brute. Now she pounced suddenly with night and the wind and tide at her back. Shore lights were not even discernible when a sudden gust swooped down and overturned the boat. The two men, stiff and numb, struck out for the nearest rock. Somehow they managed to push the boat ahead of them. Somehow they clung to the glassy, freezing surface of the rock, and managed to right the boat. It took a length of time that was incalculable, time that gathered up into itself all the experience and comradeship that two fishermen had shared for half a century. They climbed somehow from the slippery rock into the boat again, and headed towards shore. The cold with darkness had become bitter, and the world of men lay swallowed up behind that blackness. They were only two men in an open boat. But it was together that they had known this sea from childhood; it was together that they had learned to handle her, and now these two men would beat her, or this was the end of them.

The sea pushed furiously against them. The wind struggled to drive them back, the tide sucked and pulled, but through the blackness, inch by inch, they shoved closer towards land. The minutes ran into hours before the blackness became grayness, and in the distance there appeared the faint line of shore. Another two hours of agony, and they made it. Together, covered with frozen spray, stumbling on frozen legs, they managed to beach the dory. Their bodies were too numb to move alone, and so with arms locked about each other's shoulders they staggered up the beach. They had gone only a few feet when the older lurched and fell. The younger man tried to lean over, he tried to reach for the other's heart, but his great arms, dangling against his knees, had no feeling in them. He tried to run, but the sand crept slowly from under his heavy feet. Up the beach a short distance was a cottage. Slowly, always trying to run, he moved towards it. When he reached it the words were drowned and frozen in him and came in hard unrecognizable lumps of sound. He looked dumbly at the owner of the cottage, and tried to point down the beach. The man who listened started running, and after him, with his blind and frozen gait, there still struggled to run that cumbersome figure.

The landsman put his hand over the heart of the fallen man. "It's no use," he said; "he's gone." Still that other one struggled to find words. Down over his face, red and cut by the ice, the tears began to come. His body shook now with some dreadful need within. When he had been half dragged, half carried back to the cottage, he began to find speech. Refusing care, he walked the little floor and stared out of the window at the wide and moving waters.

"The thing is," he found the words, "we beat the sea! If he's dead, he died on land!" With tears still smarting on his face, he took up his solitary marching. "I say," he kept repeating, and tried to shout it, "we beat the sea!"

Friends

THERE is a little girl out West who is fond of dogs. A female collie, belonging to a young man of the town, is her particular friend.

This winter, on the shores of a frozen lake, the dog ventured too far from her master. Even the weight of a collie proved too much for straining ice, and by night the floe that carried the animal was out of sight. Between the collie and her friends was a dangerous moving mass of water, part running black, part frozen into icy blocks, and across this treacherous stretch the collie barked for help. She was used to answering the call of man, but this was the first time she had needed to call him in return. Man did his best. Attempts were made at rescue, but the dog was half a mile from shore. The townspeople shook their heads and looked at one another.

The next day the cold was intense. The suffering animal was still alive, still pitifully calling for help. There were good marksmen among the police, and the owner of the dog joined them with his own rifle. All day they fired at that speck of a target half a mile out. As darkness fell the air at last was silent, and the sharpshooters, a bit low in their minds, went home, agreeing that they had put the collie out of her suffering.

But the dog's cries had been heard by one friend who could not be comforted. The little girl wept for her playfellow. If she were lost . . . the collie would have found her. If she could not be rescued . . . the dog would have died with her. Her mother and her father, who was a doctor, did their best to console her, but the night that followed was a night of heartbreak for the child. There was no hope now.

The next morning a cold wind blew from the lake, and a miracle happened. One could hear distinctly on that wind the faint bark of a dog. It was then that the little girl's mother could bear it no longer. She offered a reward.

A young boy of the town turned out to be something of a hero. With a light rowboat and a jack-knife, he pushed out over the ice, then climbed into the boat and shoved off into the ice-filled water. The dog was silent now, dumbly watching the approach of her rescuer, but as the boy reached the ice-floe she lifted one paw in response to his outstretched hand. The other paws and her bushy tail were frozen fast to the ice. A jack-knife finally set her free.

Straight to the little girl's house the young knight carried his half-frozen burden. For a while the doctor was not at home to patients. He was too busy saving a life that had become so necessary to his family.

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Music and Musicians

An Operetta by Puccini

By EUGENE BONNER

IN these days of readjustments on all sides, when the giants of yesterday are busy toppling with horrid crashes from their pedestals, or what's much worse, gradually fading into insignificance, and figures of no great influence in their own day are beginning to emerge from the mists and take the places on the pedestals left vacant by their august predecessors, it's an interesting pastime to take such a figure as Giacomo Puccini and in the face of the complete revolution in the world of musical composition try to see his works at their true value.

But even there we are up against the eternal problem of what constitutes true value. Perhaps in no other form of art is the standard of real worth so fluctuating or the medium of expression so fluid as in the more important forms of musical composition. An opera or a symphony that seemed as recently as fifteen or twenty years ago to be the last word in musical expression has now become about as exciting as a cold poached egg, and frequently without the nourishing qualities of that particular tidbit.

Think, for instance, of the excitement over the "Salome" of Richard Strauss! (We're now considering the musical side only of that opera.) Critics shuddered, bellowed with rage, or shrieked with ecstasy over the audacities, structural and orchestral, of that epoch-making work. Nowadays, with the exception of a few passages, that opera is positively pretty. "Elektra" still holds its own, but more by its passages of sheer lyric loveliness than by reason of its structural or dramatic import. Yet both of these operas were looked upon when they were first produced about twenty years ago as revolutionary to a degree. Then came Stravinsky with his "Sacre du Printemps," and those two wild women became household pets. Today, fifteen years after its *première* in Paris (at which hullabaloo we're proud to say we assisted), the "Sacre du Printemps" is interesting, but not at all astonishing, and so it goes. . . .

The momentous question for the composer of today is not so much *what* to write, as a good composer nearly always has something to say, but *how* to write it so that it will last more than the three or four years that is beginning to be about the usual lifetime of modern compositions, even those regarded as successful at the time of production. Perhaps the answer will be found in simplicity—the simplicity which makes the operas of Gluck and Mozart seem far more modern than those of a century later.

(c) Mishkin

Lucrezia Bori as Magda in "La Rondine"

By simplicity is meant, not a strict adherence to old harmonic principles or antiquated forms, but a clearing away of all the quite unnecessary complexities of composition, orchestration, and production which had begun to be considered by composers, musicians in general, impresarios, and audiences as the *sine qua non* of modern music, and which the more advanced of our modern writers are beginning to discard, examples being Stravinsky's "Histoire du Soldat" and "El Retablo de Maese Pedro" of De Falla.

Perhaps it's because of his refusing to allow himself to be affected to any great degree by the musical complexities of the period that the operas of Puccini have managed to hold their own so well. Notwithstanding the tragic or pathetic nature of his librettos Puccini's music has always been of the lighter variety. Take "La Bohême" and "Tosca," perhaps his two most popular operas. In spite of their unhappy endings the music is always that of extremely good opéra-comique, and his "effects" in both these operas are achieved by the most simple means . . . for example, the snow scene at the opening of Act Three of "Bohême," and the dawn at the beginning of the last act of "Tosca."

In "La Rondine" (The Swallow), a simple tale laid in the Paris of the Second Empire, which has just been given a most sumptuous and beautiful production at the Metropolitan Opera House, he is in his true vein. Magda, a charming young woman *entretenue* by a middle-aged gentleman of wealth, meets a young man from the provinces, and after a delightful evening at the Bal Bullier, flies with him to the south of France, but realizing that owing to her past life marriage with him would be unsuitable, she gives him up and returns to her protector in Paris.

From beginning to end the operetta, for operetta it is in spite of its rather *triste* ending, is a delight. Arias, duets, and choruses—waltzes, brilliant and sentimental—all fairly fall all over one another in this delightful score. Exquisitely orchestrated and well put together, it gives the four principals splendid opportunities to distinguish themselves—opportunities made the most of.

Notwithstanding all the very fine work to her credit, it's to be doubted whether Lucrezia Bori has ever done anything lovelier than her "Magda." A vision to behold in her crinolines, she sang brilliantly and acted with the utmost distinction, giving altogether a performance long to be remembered. Beniamino Gigli sang the part of the young lover in his best style, while Editha Fleischer as Magda's maid, Lisette, and Armand Tokatyan as an amorous poet, provided as entertaining a pair of comedy lovers seen in town in many a day.

Vincenzo Bellezza gave a masterly reading of this charming score, while the production itself is probably one of the most lavish ever seen at this house. After a season of undistinguished novelties it is pleasant to be able to record so refreshing an event as this production of "La Rondine," and, having heard it three times already, we feel qualified to express our opinion in no uncertain terms.

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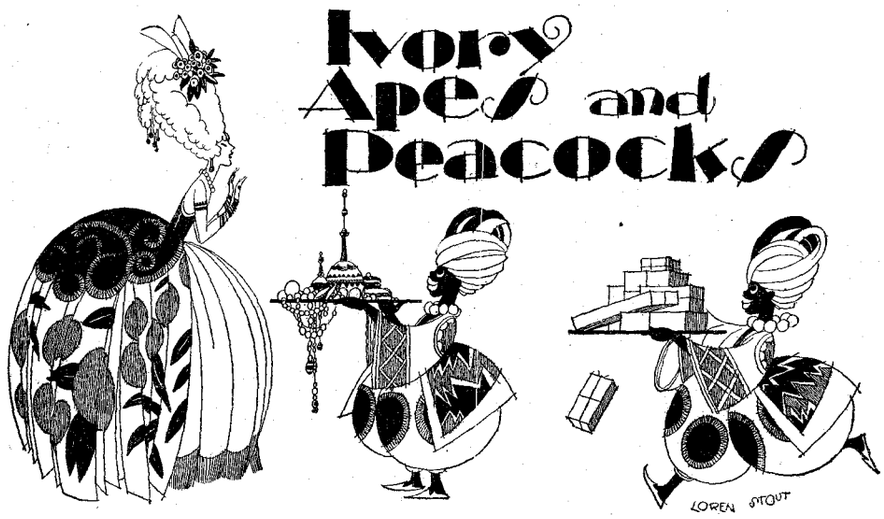

By W. R. BROOKS

PERSONALLY, we don't care much for shower-baths. When we get in ours, some one on the floor below—we believe they listen for us—starts running either the hot or cold water, with the result that there is a sudden change in the temperature of the water that is descending pleasantly upon us. Result: yells of rage, an ineffective but very violent struggle to escape from the folds of the curtain, and a final desperate plunge which brings us and the curtain and several gallons of water out on the bathroom floor together, either parboiled or practically frosted. No, our idea is a nice long tranquil soak, with plenty of time and an interesting book—preferably borrowed. There's no place like a bathtub for reading philosophy or modern poetry, because you're practically outside of space and time. Callers and telephones can't get at you. There are no interruptions. A man in the bathtub is a world unto himself, an epitome of the universe; he is alone with his thoughts, a few gallons of water, and a cake of soap. Our theory is that most of the great thoughts of the world have first been formulated in a bathtub. Why, Diogenes lived in a tub, although there wasn't any water in it. And the three wise men of—but this isn't a treatise on the influence of bathtubs on man's spiritual development. What we started to say was that the old shower-bath curtain is being done away with, and is being replaced by glass partitions and doors which fit over either the entire tub or part of it, or run from the wall simply along one side. The frames in which the glass is set are stain proof, and the doors are water-tight. Glass-inclosed shower cabinets may also be built into bathrooms.

But if you stick to the old-fashioned kind with a curtain, you can avoid useless struggles in getting in and out by using a curtain ring which has roller bearings. You can push it aside or draw it modestly about you quickly and easily, since the rings won't stick.

WE are sorry it took us so long to get down to what little we had to say about shower-baths, and to atone, we remark hastily that there is on the market a washable, waterproof material for window shades which, the makers say, won't crack or flake or fade or fray. The alliteration is theirs, not ours.

LAST week we waxed lyrical about reforestation and living trees. This week we offer for your amazed contemplation inexpensive imitations of the small crystal trees so much used just now as table decorations and what not. You make these yourself, if you are handy with the fingers, out of Dennison crêpe paper and sealing wax and wire and beads and macaroni. Not so bad, some of them. But beware. An artist can take a lump of mud and make something beautiful out of it, but hand the whole rainbow to one with no artistic ability and he will produce only something so screamingly vulgar that strong men will burst into uncontrollable sobs at the sight of it. However, try your hand. You may be one of the gifted. You can get full instructions for manufacturing jewel trees and weeping willows and coral trees and red-pepper trees and several others. Or, if creative imagination is part of your equipment, make up your own trees. There are 39 colors in the wax, some of them transparent, and 47 in the crêpe paper, and an endless variety in shape and color of beads.

IF your interests lie in that direction, maybe you have seen the dish-washer which forms part of a kitchen sink. We hadn't until the other day, and it strikes us as a good idea. Dish-washing isn't any fun, whether you do it yourself or merely have to listen while some heavy-handed hireling mutilates your best Wedgewood. This washer is a thing that looks rather like a fireless cooker set into the sink on one side, where the drainboard would be, its top flush with the drainboard on the other side. The whole thing is white porcelain enamel. You scrape your dishes, put 'em in the racks, shut the lid, turn on the soapy hot water, turn it off, drain it off, turn on the clean hot water, turn it off, drain it off, open the lid and let the dishes dry themselves. Part of that sounds like a new dance, and we don't see why it almost shouldn't be for any one who has washed dishes the other way all her life.

Another type is just the washer without the sink, connected up to the plumbing in the same way. We haven't seen it in action, but we know them that have, and they say it's extremely efficient. We wish we'd had one a few years ago. We might have saved enough time to write the Great American Novel. Oh, yes, we've washed many dishes in our time. Gosh, but we've had a lurid past!

A WORD about those lamps we wrote about a few weeks ago which give artificial sunshine, including the ultra-violet rays. First, we don't think the lamps should be used except under a doctor's directions. They're by no means a cure-all, and you can easily get bad results from their improper use. Secondly, there are a number of inexpensive lamps on the market which give light and heat, but do not give out the ultra-violet rays. These are used therapeutically also, but in a different way.

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The Movies

By A. M SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Trail of '98"

DOWN the suddenly enlarged screen of the Astor. Theatre there plunged and hurtled a snowslide of incredible dimensions. As it launched ton upon ton of real snow on the heads of several thousand extras the first-night audience gasped in amazement, and then burst forth into prolonged and sincere applause.

This was only one of the big moments in "The Trail of '98," a picture whose really epic quality puts it up alongside "The Birth of a Nation," "The Covered Wagon," and "The Big Parade."

Aside from its superb photography and mob direction, "The Trail of '98" has sternly conventional melodrama for its foundation and a dozen splendid performances by George Cooper, Ralph Forbes, Karl Dane, Harry Carey, Emily Fitzroy, Dolores del Rio (at times), and many others.

It's hard to believe that such a thoroughly satisfactory piece of film-making could come out of an Alaskan story, when one considers the vast numbers of similar pictures. From the early Rex Beaches and Jack Londons down to "The Gold Rush" tales of the Yukon have deluged the screen for years.

But Clarence Brown has transcended the Robert Service narrative from which "The Trail of '98" was made; he has everything in his picture except Charlie Chaplin. It's to be regretted that he used unnecessary double-exposures once or twice and that he didn't hold Miss del Rio down a bit in spots; but these are distinctly minor objections.

There are plenty of people who would rather be shot than admit that they could enjoy melodrama, and there are undoubtedly others who really dislike it. The second class is advised to stay away from "The Trail of '98." The first class is hereby counseled to see the picture, and then pretend they didn't care for it.

We would remind both classes, however, that there's a lot more to Mr. Brown's big piece of work than merely melodrama, and that the ever-absorbing struggle of man against the elements is here presented in a wholly satisfying way.

The Messrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are the producers of "The Trail of '98." As far as this department is concerned, it carries them a long way on the road

to forgiveness for some recent William Haines pictures.

Richard Barthelmess in "The Noose"

YOUNG Nickie Elkins was a kid rum-runner who didn't like his job. He had met a society girl, and he yearned for better things.

Conceive, then, his annoyance at learning that the bootlegger who hired and brutalized him was his own father. And, as if this wasn't enough, that his mother was now married to the Governor of the State. On top of it all the papa bootlegger proposed to use his bygone amour with the lady (the affair of which our hero was the consequence) to get immunity from the Governor. Father, you see, had disposed of a competitor by bumping him off, and the law was after him.

This project set so ill with Nickie that he shot and killed his male parent to save from possible discomfiture the mother he had never even heard of until that moment; so far, not so good.

The police got him for the murder, but he just would *not* say why he did it.

About here the picture gets very dramatic and very interesting. It is played in a slow, rather intense *tempo* and Mr. Barthelmess and Alice Joyce do some fine acting. There are death-house scenes and an interrupted march to the gallows which reflect much credit on John Francis Dillon, the director.

Although the last part of the picture is better than the first part, one actor outshone all the others for his work in the opening scenes. This was Montague Love, whose bootlegger was as cheerily unregenerate a scoundrel as ever you did business with.

The picture is billed as being "bigger than 'Tol'able David' or 'The Patent Leather Kid.'"

It isn't.

"Tenderloin"

IT'S probably unnecessary to mention the fact that "Tenderloin" is a talking movie, made in conjunction with the Vitaphone.

It's probably not only unnecessary, but unkind, to refer to the Jovian mirth which greeted it on its opening night in New York.

But it was not the way the characters spoke their occasional lines which caused the first-nighters to be so ill-mannered, nor was it the Vitaphone itself. It was the things the actors were made to say.

"Tenderloin" is melodrama at just about its lowest ebb, and if two such capable artists as Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel couldn't pull it through, neither could the Vitaphone, the Movietone, or Rin-Tin-Tin.

No criticism of the talking movie seems possible—to us, at least—until the experiment is made in connection with a better picture. One thing is certain, however, and that is that no performer who spoke out in "Tenderloin" has hurt his or her individual reputation on the screen by so doing. Miss Costello has a soft, untrained voice with a pretty little bur in it, and Conrad Nagel's speeches are entirely in character.

We'll freely admit that when the device is tried again we'll be on hand to see and hear. And we'll try our very hardest not to laugh.

"The Legion of the Condemned"

THE sequel idea is immensely popular in Hollywood.

That is to say, if an actor makes a hit in a certain type of picture, he will be seen in many similar parts from then on.

The open-and-aboveboard sequel is different, but not very. The idea is the same—it trades on the success of a previous picture. Take, for instance, "The Legion of the Condemned."

It is a sequel to "Wings."

It is to "Wings" as a sick grasshopper is to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

Film sequels should be left to Douglas Fairbanks.

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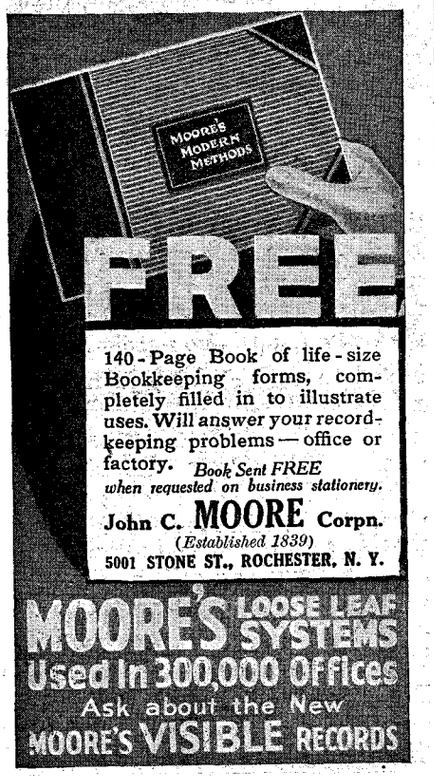

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Business and Finance

Cables, Radio, and Congress

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

RUMBLINGS of opposition to the anti-trust laws, which have been chronic in the die-hard battalion of the business world, are now heard from the liberals. Owen D. Young, who is certainly one of the most progressive big business leaders, and who has almost never found fault with either National or State legislation, recently spoke rather bitterly of the handicaps under which the Radio Corporation, of which he is a director, must compete with foreign communications companies.

Referring to the recent combination between the British Eastern Telegraph Company and its associated companies with the Marconi Company, Mr. Young stated that "in America, Congress has enacted directly a piece of legislation stipulating that there can be no co-operation or relationship between the cables and the radio."

The result is, he continued, that "we have disintegrated our own situation in communications; and this morning we subjected ourselves really to the domination of the English on world communications, not because they are stronger than we are, nationally, but because Congress has disintegrated our own strength into small units and put each one of them at the mercy of a large, centralized foreign group."

Prime Minister Baldwin, a few days after the publication of this statement, told Parliament that the Government had not yet officially sanctioned the merger of the British companies, and casual readers may have thought that Mr. Young spoke prematurely. Mr. Baldwin's warning, however, was probably little more than a formality. The chances of any interference with the amalgamation are negligible.

The paramount purpose of the British Government is to maintain and develop the Empire, and the cable and radio are vital links between the various political and commercial units. To supply most economical and most efficient service they should supplement each other, the wireless being cheaper and the cable surer. Imperial interests, consequently, require their co-ordination.

But the United States must take a different view of the combination. The Radio Corporation, which handles virtually all wireless business to and from this country, has had and still has a working agreement with the Marconi Company for communication with most of the British Empire. Thus far the arrangement has been thoroughly satisfactory. Both companies were able to increase their efficiency to such a degree that rates have been reduced more than twenty-five per cent during the last four or five years. The savings on New York-London messages alone have netted this country nearly a million and a half dollars a year.

The merger of the Eastern Telegraph and the Marconi companies, however, has put both the Radio Corporation and the Western Union Company, the great American cable organizations, at a tremendous disadvantage. Forbidden to co-operate anywhere, they can hardly hope to rival the joint service supplied by the British. The fact that the British Government will doubtless have a financial stake in the cable-radio organization makes it more difficult for our companies to hope to compete on anything like equal terms.

If the members of Congress read the comments in the London financial press that preceded the announcement of the merger, they may be even more reluctant than they were to allow a similar combination here. "Until a rate-cutting war has been waged," said the "Economist," the leading financial weekly, "the relative strength of the wireless and cable companies cannot be determined. . . . But will the rate war ever be allowed? The cable companies have already appealed to the Government, and discussions are said to be proceeding."

There is no blinking the fact that the combination of our radio and cable companies would create a monopoly, and monopolies, if not regulated, can do what they like with rates. But there is no reason why the combined companies should not be placed under Government regulation. The leaders in the field here would be perfectly willing to subject themselves to this regulation. They would, in fact, welcome it if they could close the ranks of our communication groups and face the British on even terms.

In view of the fact that Wall Street is not absolutely sure that Washington will allow the merger of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company with the Mackay Companies, two units which have been competitors only rarely, it does not seem as if the times were auspi-

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cious for the union of cable and radio companies which compete all along the line. Recent history shows, though, that Congress is looking more favorably at combinations of American business interests when they must face "combinations in restraint of trade" in the foreign field.

The Webb-Pomerene Act expressly allowed the formation of industrial marketing pools to operate abroad and the Edge Bill granted similar indulgence to financial companies. At the present time the House of Representatives is considering the Newton Bill, consenting to a combination of tire and rubber manufacturers for joint buying in a market which is controlled largely by a compactly organized group of British producers. A bill sanctioning a great cable-radio merger would be in the same category as these other measures—more radical, perhaps, but probably even more desirable.

For the good of the world at large, it would be better if there was a universal ban on all restraining combinations, but the United States cannot formulate the rules for international competition. We must fight fire with fire.

Our Own Theatre List

(See page 545)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.

"Porgy," Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.

"Marco Millions," Guild Theatre.—Satirical comedy; O'Neill's beautiful spectacle of Marco Polo's trip to Venice and China; the immature West meeting the wisdom of the East.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

"The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

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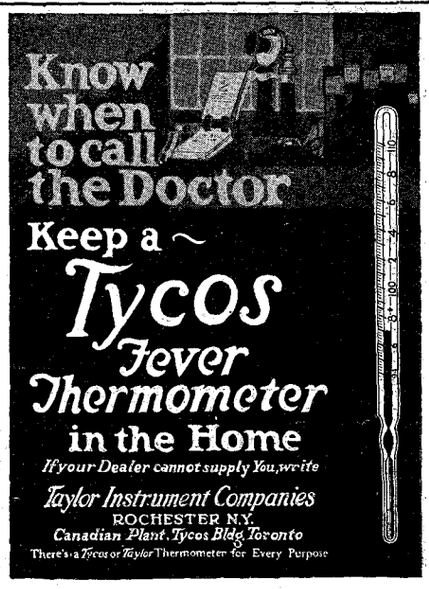
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Tell Me a Story

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

ONE of the younger all-American stars of the Metropolitan Opera is Lawrence Tibbett. Critics praise his rich baritone voice and rare dramatic power. An American singer, of American training, his success as the King in the Millay-Taylor opera "The King's Henchman" was especially appropriate.

When he was just the little Tibbett boy, thirty-odd years ago, in California, he was already playing hero in thrilling Indian shows, charging a penny for best barn seats and five pins for poorer ones. Always he wanted to be an actor. But though he early delighted a fond family with his treble rendering of "Good-by, my Bluebell," it was only a comparatively few years ago that he or the musical world discovered the quality of his gifts.

Tall, square-shouldered, refreshingly boyish, Mr. Tibbett is a true son of the pioneer stock that settled our great West. His grandfather fought Indians from a covered wagon; his father kept law and order in a crude Western town; today Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett receive graciously in a charming New York hotel suite.

The second of these two stories was invented by Mr. Tibbett himself for his sturdy small boys, who always demand a "scary one."

Two Tales from an Opera Star

As remembered by Lawrence Tibbett

Grandmother and the Mountain Lion

A FEW months before my mother was born Grandmother and Grandfather were traveling across California in a covered wagon on their way to the town of Bakersfield. Word came that the Castaik Indians were planning an attack in Tejon Pass. Of course, every one was anxious; Grandfather kept watch at night with the men, and Grandmother never went to bed without wondering if she would be alive next morning. But nobody thought of turning back.

The Indians did steal upon the camp one night, but they were only marauders after horses, and no one was killed in the skirmish. Still, horses were almost as valuable as men, so the campers decided to take refuge for a while in Fort Tejon.

There a short time later my mother was born.

Mother was still a tiny baby when one day the men killed a deer in the woods, for hunting was their only way of getting meat. For some reason, instead of taking it home, they rode to the fort and sent my grandmother back on horseback to the spot—for in those days women did everything. But when she got there, part of the deer had been eaten away. Grandmother knew she had interrupted a mountain lion, and that lions are especially mean if stopped in the midst of a meal.

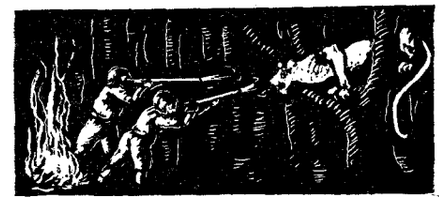
The beast was probably close by. Grandmother had to think quickly. Spurring her horse about, she rode to the fort as fast as she could, and fetched the men. When they returned and stole up quietly, sure enough, there was a great lion busy again at his feast. Quickly the men took aim and fired—and that night the campers at the fort had their choice of two kinds of meat for dinner.

Two Boys and a Bear

ONCE upon a time two boys about eight years old took their rifles and went hunting. No grown-up was along; they made their own camp, hunted their own game, and cooked their own meals. One night they found themselves in a deep, dark forest where the trees grew so tall that it was dark even in the daytime.

But they were brave boys, so they built a fire to keep off wild beasts and went to sleep with their guns beside them.

Both woke suddenly. In the bushes



they heard a slow, stealthy "Cr-rack!" They sat up. Another "Cr-rack!" They seized their rifles. Another "Cr-rack!"

The two boys waited.

Then something gave a deep, loud roar—"Woh-h-h!"

"Who are you?" cried one boy, bravely.

"Woh-h-h!" came the deep answer. "I'm a *bear*."

"But bears don't talk," said the other boy.

"Woh-h-h! I'm a bear and I talk," roared the voice.

"What do you want?" said the boys.

"Woh-h-h! To tell you something," roared the bear.

"What?" cried the boys, holding tight to their rifles, for they didn't trust this bear hidden in the dark bushes.

"Woh-h-h!" roared the bear. "Don't shoot. I'm your friend. Listen. There's a mountain lion after you."

The two boys looked at each other in the glow of their camp-fire. All around the high trees hid the sky and the forest was dark and deep.

"W-where i-is he?" they asked, their voices trembling a little.

"Woh-h-h!" roared the bear in a deep bear whisper. "Behind you—third tree to the left."

Bravely the boys turned and looked. But they could see nothing in the dark.

"Woh-h-!" roared the bear. "He's going to jump!"

The boys' hair stood on end.

"Woh-h-h!" roared the bear. "Have you got flashlights?"

"Y-yes," cried the boys, pulling them from their pockets.

"Woh-h-h!" roared the bear. "Quick! Flash them into his eyes and then shoot!"

And the two boys flashed their lights into the third tree on the left—straight into the shining eyes of a great mountain lion, crouched on the lowest branches, ready to spring.

"Bang! Bang!" rang two rifle shots, and the lion fell dead. One boy had shot him through the head and the other through the heart.

"Cr-rack!" went a noise in the bushes; then "Cr-rack! cr-rack!" and "cr-rack!" fainter and fainter until it died away in the blackness. When the boys turned to thank the friendly bear, he was gone.

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The Movies

(See page 549)

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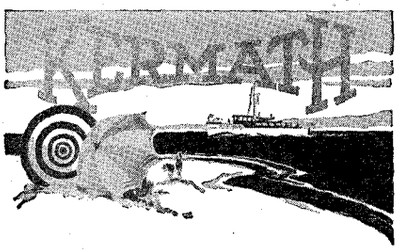
"The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray in a good ring drama.
"The Crowd."—King Vidor is a great director. The story is slim and depressing.
"Czar Ivan the Terrible."—Hectic, but interesting Russian-made film.
"The Divine Woman."—Greta Garbo has a tough time with this one.
"Dressed to Kill."—Excellent crook melodrama.
"Drums of Love."—A big eyeful from D. W. Griffith.
"Finders Keepers."—Laura La Plante, and some hard-pressed humor.
"Four Sons."—Beauty, skill, tears, and hokum.
"The Gaucho."—Douglas Fairbanks is good. In this one he needs to be.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Plenty of chuckles.
"A Girl in Every Port."—A pretty feeble vehicle for the large Victor McLaglen.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson + Vitaphone = Price of Admission.
"The Last Command."—Emil Jannings in a picture worthy of him.
"The Last Moment."—Interesting photographic tricks, if you like them.
"The Latest from Paris."—Something pleasantly innocuous, with Norma Shearer.
"Love Me and the World is Mine."—For insomniacs and very young cash-girls.
"Mother Machree."—For the Irish vote. Very nice.
"Rose Marie."—Run! Here's the Mounted Police again.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore trying not to play "Rain."
"The Secret Hour."—"They Knew What They Wanted" dolled up for the screen. Good.
"The Showdown."—Tropical mix-up, and how.
"Simba."—See it—you'll thank us.
"The Smart Set."—You'll die outside, seeking air.
"Soft Living."—A nice enough little drama, with Madge Bellamy.
"The Student Prince."—A Lubitsch production. Don't miss it.
"Sunrise."—The best picture on any screen today.
"That's My Daddy."—Reginald Denny in one of his best recent films.
"Wings."—A war picture with a big wallop.

What Is Right With Coal?

(Continued from page 542)

indicate that, while the increase in population is partially taken care of by substitute fuels, a considerable portion of the increase in population is buying and burning anthracite. Many other cities in which intensive studies have been made show the same comparative figures, and we find, for instance, that Atlantic City bought in 1921 175,715 tons of anthracite; in 1924, 202,298 tons; and in 1926, 265,971 tons. Figures, of course, for 1927 are not available as yet. Does this seem to indicate that substitutes are killing the anthracite industry? If the writer were somewhat younger, he would be inclined to remark in a reasonably loud tone, "Banana oil!" In fact, regardless of his age, he thinks he will let the remark stand, as it is singularly expressive of the false figures compiled with regard to substitutes for anthracite.

As we near our conclusion, we may be permitted to become a little technical, and we find that the American public is buying its coal today, both anthracite and bituminous (with the exception of certain large customers, who, naturally, carry comfortable stocks), on a purely hand-to-mouth basis; and every additional ton demanded, by reason of weather, advertising, or any other increase in public purchasing power whatever, is by actual experience felt almost immediately at the source of production. To be sure, this is not a heavenly situation to the coal man with only two or three days' orders at the most on his books, but it is a mighty healthy one. It would seem, therefore, if we find that one production phase of our coal necessities is rapidly seeking the level which by reason of the economics of our country it should occupy, and that the hard-coal industry realizes its shortcomings in the past and is benefiting not only through its adversities but by reason of its plans for the future, why not consider that there is quite a little bit right with coal today? Let us stop looking at the black spot which was mentioned in the opening paragraph of this article, and let us not listen to the disgruntled murmurings of those who have expected too much of coal, or slip on the optimistic oleomargarine spread by those who expect too little. Old King Coal has lost his limited monarchy in a revolution which started bloodlessly decades ago, but in a day not so very far off he is going to be elected president of the carboniferous republic, and he is going to be elected with the good will of the majority of the people.



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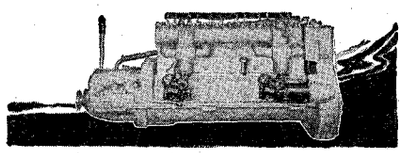

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. In this book widely divergent lives are brought to the same, simultaneous end, thus giving the author the opportunity to unite in a pattern otherwise unrelated character studies. It is a wise and moving account of the workings of God's providence, beautifully written. Its popularity speaks well for our discrimination as readers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this fine comedy of manners. It is the story of two sisters. One makes a marriage of convenience into a true marriage; the other carries her marriage of passion into tragedy. Some characters from "The Duchess of Wrexe" reappear in a brilliant London setting. The dialogue, the satire, and the human sympathy are Walpole at his best.

"Crusade," by Donn Byrne. Little, Brown & Co. In this story of the Crusaders in Jerusalem Donn Byrne tells of an Irishman who is dispossessed of his estate and goes to the Holy Land as a paid captain. It is a tale of adventure and love through which the author's humanity and moving understanding of character, feeling, and motive glow warmly. Reviewed March 28.

"Claire Ambler," by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran & Co. The typical and painfully realistic flapper and flirt at sixteen, twenty, and twenty-five, breaking hearts at home and abroad, and emerging unscathed, to become a "fine American woman." Reviewed January 25.

"Red Rust," by Cornelia J. Cannon. Little, Brown & Co. This story of the fight of a young farmer against the wheat blight, his triumph, and his death at the hands of one whom he has befriended is a story tragic in tone, marked by deep sincerity and able characterization. You will find it reminiscent, perhaps, but well worth reading. Reviewed March 21.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. Those who enjoyed "Ariel" will want to read this and the change of subject from revolutionary poet to imperialistic statesman need not deter them. Disraeli, a romantic figure of an almost fictional type, is a happy choice for an imaginative biography. Maurois breathes life into the Victorian political figures. Reviewed by Lawrence F. Abbott, February 22.

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, and more or less reliable information. Reviewed November 16.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading for lots of Americans. We suggest that they follow it with "A Son of Mother India," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, E. P. Dutton & Co. Reviewed June 22.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This, "the first successful attempt of drama to use the double voice," to carry on at once objective action and comment and subjective thought made audible, is a theft by the dramatist of some of the novelist's best thunder. The play is as good to read as to see; perhaps better for students of modern drama. Reviewed by Francis R. Bellamy in "Lights Down," February 22.

"Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," by Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Doran & Co. This exciting story of the gallant German privateer of the World War, a figure of the everlasting romance of the high seas, makes good reading for adventure lovers. Reviewed January 4.

The Awkward Age in Reading

HAVING a daughter to find books for, we cherish the illusion that boys in their teens are easier to suit, and herewith dismiss them. The common complaint that no one writes for girls of the awkward age is not legitimate. Some do; but mostly they do it badly. What could be stupider than the usual story of girls at camp and at college? But Ethel Cook Eliot, the Knipes, Anne B. Greene, Mabel Robinson, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, and a few others write stories which not only girls but grown people enjoy hugely. Beyond these, the easy thing is to turn back to Scott, Dickens, etc., and let it go at that. This won't do. What we are thinking about is new books. We are not for the moment concerned with the formation of taste in reading, but with the satisfaction of a need. The taste will have been properly attended to if the books in your library are good, if you let your children read *any* book that you yourself have found worthy, if you have not littered your tables with magazines, cheap or otherwise, which ruin with smattering articles and choppy stories any one's capacity for solid pleasure in reading. The fact is that girls of fifteen are not written for because they, quite naturally, want to read grown-up books. What can be bought and given them, brand new, with any certainty that they will like it?

Perhaps you only *think* your girl would not enjoy biography. Let her try "Genghis Khan," by Harold Lamb, and Sandburg's "Lincoln." If they prove acceptable, your own reading will suggest others. Most children like poetry and should be given an opportunity to enjoy the new as well as the old. Stevenson's fat "Home Book of Modern Verse" or Monroe and Henderson's "New Poetry" ought to be in your library. For girls who want to know more about their poets there is delight to be found in "The Winged Horse," by Auslander and Hill. The tales of travel and adventure which you enjoy will suit your girl. But most girls are not armchair adventurers at all except into the realm of romance. Here historical fiction comes in. The books of James Boyd and Isabel Patterson immediately suggest themselves; and there are others, less high in literary quality but full of color, and inviting to further reading. In selecting novels remember that chil-

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dren do not usually appreciate satire, and that the flippant attitude toward life which is reflected in much current fiction, however engaging to adults, is apt to be upsetting to youth, solemnly engaged as it is in trying to find out its business in this world. Suggest to your girl Willa Cather's books, Galsworthy's, Hugh Walpole's, "A President Is Born," by Fannie Hurst, "Emily's Quest," by L. M. Montgomery, and see if she does not like them. Selecting reading for the awkward age demands time and sympathy and that you should yourself read.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Frémont, Might-Have-Been

By HARRY SALPETER

"Frémont, the West's Greatest Adventurer," by Allan Nevins. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers.

In this thorough, scholarly, stylistically unpretentious book Professor Nevins has written the first complete life of John C. Frémont, "the Pathfinder" of the West, the politician, the soldier, the railroad magnate, one of America's most interesting Might-Have-Beens. Viewing his career from the perspective of several generations—one is struck by the regularity with which fortune, in the large sense of the word, almost always evaded him. It was not merely through bad luck; it must have come from some fatal defect of character.

He helped wrest California from Mexico for the United States just about the time war was declared against the southern republic, and the upshot of it for him was a court martial in which he was found guilty on several points. He was a candidate for President in the campaign of 1856, and was narrowly defeated, thus missing the opportunity—so historians say—of precipitating the Civil War several years sooner. He acquired a vast estate in California at a ridiculous sum and found gold therein, but the riches acquired thereby were dissipated, if not squandered. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was appointed commander of the Western Department, and before long was embroiled in disputes with politicians and contractors. He issued a proclamation declaring the slaves of Confederate soldiers forfeit, an "emancipation proclamation" which even President Lincoln thought too drastic. He was compelled to surrender his command, was transferred to the Army of the Potomac, and, finding himself under the command of a general with whom he had had difficulties in the West, resigned. His early explorations through the West, those in which he made the reputation of Pathfinder—although he was rather a popularizer of other men's trail-blazing—were successful, but his

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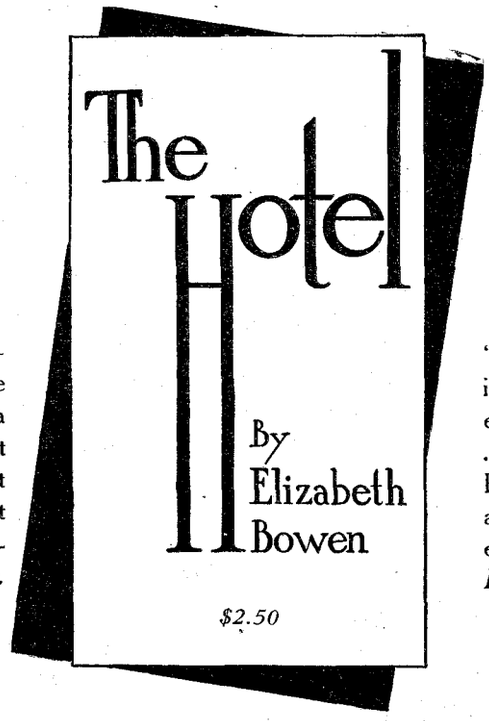

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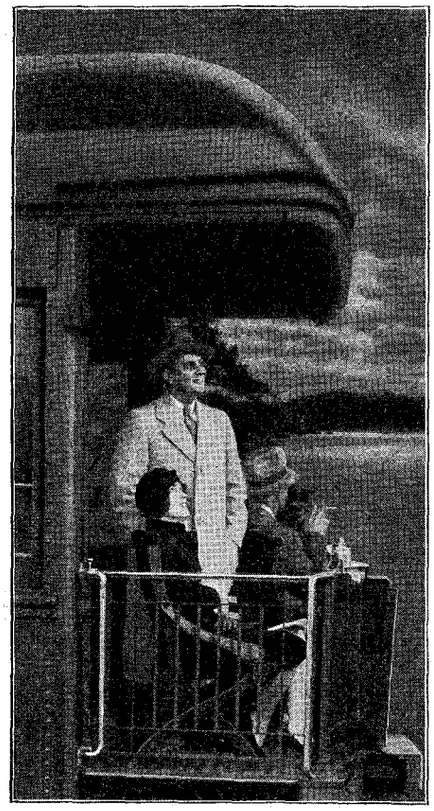
subsequent explorations were costly failures, although it must be borne in mind that they were undertaken under more severe conditions. In the latter years of his life he took a hand in the organization of a railroad which failed abysmally to the echo of charges of misrepresentation, of which Frémont, however, was not personally guilty. His administration in California, before Kearny was placed in command above him, was likewise shadowed by suspicion. His home life was happy. He enjoyed years of leisure, of happiness, in activities harmonizing with his nature and desires. He died alone in a New York boarding-house a few months before the Government granted him the pension of a brigadier-general. To such straits had descended the man into whose lap fortune had cast a vast estate and rich gold mines. He was not a great man, but he had an interesting career.

He was not a great man, but not because of lack of opportunity. Some trait of character which would have consolidated those opportunities into achievement must have been lacking. Fortune was kind to him. There is too much doubt and questioning of what he did. His California exploits, his administration of affairs at St. Louis, from which base he was commander of the Department of the West, the direction of his later exploitations, his railroad financing schemes—all these have been too darkly shadowed. Professor Nevins is too often obliged to pause in his chronicle to explain, to answer, to apologize. Just because he has written two heavy volumes about Frémont does not mean that he is blind to the defects of his subject. After quoting Josiah Royce and Carl Schurz on what they regarded as Frémont's fatal defects, Professor Nevins writes:

> The two salient faults in Frémont's composition were . . . his impulsiveness and his weakness of practical judgment in dealing with men and critical situations. The two faults are closely allied. A greater endowment of caution, or, if you will, practical sagacity . . . would have prevented the unnecessary clash with Castro on his first entrance into California. . . . His attempted midwinter crossing of the San Juan and other mountains in 1848–9 was another impetuous act which ended in irretrievable disaster. . . . But his most lamentable display of imperfect judgment was in St. Louis in 1861. He surrounded himself with poorly selected men; he treated tactlessly men and forces requiring careful conciliation; he disregarded the wise and kindly efforts of Lincoln to counsel him, and by issuing his emancipation proclamation with-



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out consulting his superiors he placed himself at one rash leap in a fatal position.

Professor Nevins has told the story of the man within the framework of his time, so that we do not get a disembodied portrait, but one moving against a clearly defined background. There is Washington of the forties; the West as Frémont saw and pictured it; California before and after the discovery of gold; St. Louis as a metropolis of the South and as it was when Frémont commanded there; the color of New York about the time of Frémont's campaign; and even Europe, especially Paris, during the Presidency of the second Napoleon, when the Frémonts were traveling. Scores of figures move through these pages. "Frémont" has an authentic, if not literarily distinguished, ring. Its chief defect resides in its virtue: that it is a source book, a book for libraries and historians.

What Value Religion?

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"The Wrestle of Religion with Truth," by Henry Nelson Wieman. The Macmillan Company.

It is significant of the temper of our day that so many writers are dealing with the question of the value of religion. Both the "intellectual" and that elusive fellow "the man in the street" are inclined toward skepticism, so that religion is not accepted as a matter of course as it once was. "The Wrestle of Religion with Truth," by Professor Henry Nelson Wieman, of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, is a sincere and scholarly attempt to commend religion to the thinking men of today. But the religion he commends is not that which so often goes by the name. He is the uncompromising foe of all those who would proclaim religion merely to comfort men. He will have none of what he calls "the religion of illusion," the "religion of sugar and spice and all things nice." He insists upon a religion which seeks for facts at all costs. Indeed, he defines religion as the attempt of man to adapt himself to the facts of existence. Necessarily, then, its first consideration must be truth. It is essential to the very life of man that he find religious truth, for religion has to do with the organization of all one's experiences, the reconstruction of all the reactions which make up the whole personality.

In "wrestling" with truth in religion the author is insistent that careful distinction be made between the formal concepts of religion and the actual content of religious belief. For instance, in religious belief God may be a Father or a Legislator or a King. These beliefs

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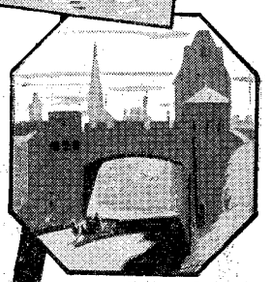

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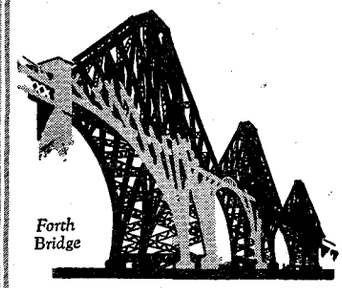

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may be true or false; their truth or falsehood neither increases nor lessens the truth of the formal concept of God. That is always and eternally true, for the formal concept of God simply says that "God is that feature of our total environment which most vitally affects the continuance and welfare of human life." Professor Wieman believes that it is possible, in a similar fashion, to get at all of the basic concepts of religion—concepts about which there can be no doubt and no difference of opinion. Were these concepts once clearly stated, religion, says Wieman, could be taught in our public schools and children would no longer feel that religion is something apart and unimportant for life.

But if religion is so important and religious truth so vital, how shall we find it? The author makes several helpful suggestions. The method of achieving truth is the method of experimentation. Scientific experimentation — certainly; but more than that, the experimental methods of common sense. To live thus experimentally requires courage. The trail-blazers must suffer great pangs and great terrors. Truth is dearly bought. Jesus made the great experiment. He dared to act upon the hypothesis that there is in the universe a behavior which would respond to love. The results of this experiment are not yet all in, but much evidence for the truth of this hypothesis has accumulated. Moreover, to achieve religious truth we must not minimize nor neglect worship. Professor Wieman is particularly helpful here. Again, we must recognize the supreme value of forming correct habits. On this theme the author crusades like William James. And, finally, we must catch the religious vision, the vision that there is something in the universe of more value than anything else. This vision must stir us to joy and enthusiasm. These are some of the ways the author suggests for keeping us fit for the wrestle with truth.

The concluding chapters of the book are largely devoted to the idea of God. These chapters are an excellent commentary upon the idea of God expounded by Professor A. E. Whitehead. Wieman is Whitehead's loyal disciple, and these chapters are to be especially commended to those who find that they cannot take Whitehead straight.

Professor Wieman is a thinker of high caliber; his case for the value of religion is persuasive; his insistence upon the need for truth in religion is convincing; his emphasis upon worship is timely; his tussle with the problem of evil is suggestive; but we fear men will be left cold if God is merely, "the principle of concretion, the constitutive, æsthetic order of all being."

In Defense of Suburbia

(*Continued from page 544*)

tional advice organized a school where every stress was laid upon the capability of the teachers as teachers and where equipment was considered a secondary matter. Many parents send their children to this school at a sacrifice to themselves. The money they pay in school fees might permit them to join one of the country clubs which are popularly believed to be the suburbanite's social mecca; instead, they play their golf on the neighboring community courses, leaving the problem of their social standing for more interested heads to solve.

As to the young folk who are said to sneer so cynically at the social life of the suburb, were not young folk always thus? Their post-adolescent friends of the city sneer at the confinement within four walls of an apartment. Helen of Suburbia, who hates the people "in this dump of a suburb," is matched by the city-bred Dan, who begs his parents to move to a suburb so that "the country club won't be two hours away and there will be some girls in the neighborhood with ideas in their heads beyond drinks, night clubs, and theatres." The younger generation's whines need not be listened to with great seriousness. The suburb is no more a social desert for the young individualist than it is for his seniors.

There is no reason to deny that the suburb is to many a "social climber's paradise." Social ambitions are so universal that they bob their heads up in metropolis, suburb, village, and hamlet. The suburb, fortunately, is able to give some satisfaction to those thwarted souls who found in the city no way to climb the social ladder. My point is that the suburb, though supplying the facilities for this game of ladder-climbing to those who wish to play it, makes no effort to include in the game the thousands of suburbanites who care not a whit for what the world calls "social position," but who are thankful to find that they can live their own lives, without interference, in sight of their own grass and trees and hedges.

Those whose eyes light to see a swirl of dry leaves in the street in the autumn, whose hearts lift at the crunch of hard snow under their feet in the winter, who watch for the first furry signals of the pussy-willow in the springtime, and who, on hot lazy summer afternoons, hear contentedly the locusts and the crickets singing their interminable chorus, thank that enterprising realtor, Babbitt, for the suburb.

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Dorothy Dix: Matrimony and Horse Sense

(*Continued from page 540*)

understand what men are talking about without ever being tempted to make any wise-cracks herself. In that way I should assure her, not only of being able to marry well, but always to keep her husband."

AND what do the men, having acquired such a model, desire as to wifely conduct? Miss Dix, and in this case there is a hint of the sardonic in her tone, feels that she knows exactly what men want from their wives:

"No matter how big and strong a man is, nor how many other men he bosses, he wants his wife to treat him as if he were a delicate infant who had to be nursed and dandled and chucked under the chin. Talk about women who can hand out intellectual companionship! Produce your living pictures! Exhibit your paragons of virtue! They are simply not one, two, three with the wise dame who pets and fusses over her lord and master."

In concluding, I hasten to add that everything Miss Dix has written may be true as far as the great majority of men and women are concerned. My objection to her philosophy is not that she falls short in realism. She may be its essence, except as to sex and birth control. What I cannot see is why she defends the marriage institution at all if the things she claims are true. It seems to me that she accepts the standards of the mass as her norm and that she holds these up for emulation. She holds out slim hope that things will ever be better. I remember an article by Arthur Davison Ficke, "A Poet Looks at Companionate Marriage," in a recent issue of The Outlook.

"Youth longs," he wrote, "for real love; the intentions of youth are honest; it takes old men to dream of brothels. The young man and the young girl passionately hunger for a lifelong happy marriage."

What will youth think if it reads the outpourings of Miss Dix? Man is interested in his stomach alone. Women should not be too intelligent. Men and women never fully understand each other. Man and wife are certain to bore each other. Man marries to end romance. Marriage, in ninety per cent of the cases, is a cruel and bitter disappointment.

But one is consoled by the knowledge that youth will pay not the slightest attention to it all.

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